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The Seed

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SEED

CHICAGO VOLUME 5 NUMBER 8 35¢

We shall celebrate with
the Death of your
such fierce dancing
Institutions





Maybe you heard about the "roving bands of hippies" setting fires in Tinley Park last week. Roving bands? Hippies? You sort of get the picture of night marauders on horseback leaving dust flying as they toss torches and go whooping into the night. Like the revolution is starting in Tinley Park. Sorry folks. No suck luck. The only thing going down in Tinley Park is a lot of shit flying out of the mouths and from the strongarms of Mr. and Mrs. Pig Amerika.

OK. A couple of buildings burned—a mushroom plant, the administration room of the high school (where they keep the absentee records and stuff), a barn, and a couple of vacant garages. Nobody knows who's been setting the fires—except Tinley Park Mayor Dunn and the fire chief, who claim it's the "hard-core hippies." And you have only to read the Tinley Park Times to know which side the power's on. Like the article entitled "A Festering Sore Comes To A Head", which states: "The festering eyesore of young people congregating on the mainstreets of Tinley Park has come to a head and aroused definite action because of the numerous incendiary fires (sic) within the past two weeks."

If you go to Tinley Park—and if you need a lesson in repression, it's the place to go these days—you can find some of the festering sores in or around Cavett's Drugstore on 171st and Oak Park Blvd.—but since Mayor Dunn's enforcement of a No Loitering ordinance the long-hairs usually don't hang around for very long. So they go to this park down the street where the younger kids play handball and their peers have a go at tennis and rap about which of them was seized and searched, or hit, or thrown in jail that day. And who will be next. And what to do. The day I was there rapping, one kid's mother told me (pig incident number 1) how the cops had come to her house at nine the night before to take her sixteen-year-old son outside for five minutes of 'questioning.' (Isn't there a law that says minors must be questioned in the presence of their parents?) At ten they still hadn't brought him back, and she was worried and called the police station to find out what was taking so long. The pig on the phone told her he didn't know if her son was there or not, and had no way of finding out. Finally, they brought him back (curfew is at ten-thirty) and said they'd be around the next day to fingerprint him (isn't there a law that says you can't be fingerprinted unless you're charged with some crime?).

Pig incident number 2: "Hippie" driving into Tinley Park to take some friends home. County cops pull him over, search the car, find a corkscrew:

"Aha! You've been drinking!"

"No, we haven't."

Breath smelling, then second conclusion:

"ROVING BANDS OF HIPPIES ON HORSEBACK"

"Then you use it as a weapon!"

"Nope."

Pig turns to other kid in car:

"What you been doin', drinkin' or smoking pot?"

"We haven't been doing anything."

Kid gets hit by pig, who then examines identification and finds that one kid is a minor. The "hippie" driving the car is 22, and gets hauled into jail for looking suspicious and contributing to the delinquency of a minor. \$100 bail.

Pig incident number 3: Three semi-longhairs in a car outside the village are pulled over. One kid is pulled out of the car window by his hair:

"What're you queer bastards doing?"

"Nothing."

Car and kids are searched, although it's before curfew and there's no cause. The pigs throw one kid's wallet into a nearby field, take bread out of another, and start to leave after picking up the cars keys:

"Hey! Are you gonna make us walk back to town?"

"Looks that way, 'cause it's illegal to hitch."

Pigs leave, and the dudes start walking with the cop's doubts about making it before curfew strong in their minds. Later, one cop returns and gives them the key, but not before giving a lecture about learning lessons.

What was Tinley Park like before the fires? 100 years ago, it was a small German community. A couple of years ago, working-class and middle-class kids started growing their hair and getting into the culture a bit. Greasers turned freaky. Sons of doctors and preachers and daughters and masons and teachers turned into freaks. A real mixture—although there are no blacks in Tinley Park.

Some go to school, some work (although it's getting hard to find a job if you're a longhair), and lots own their own cars—but it's not like a middle-class status symbol and they aren't usually new cars but just something with wheels to get the fuck out of Tinley Park in whenever they can because there's not much to do there.

Last summer a "youth commission" was set up by the Village Board, but that didn't seem to work out at all. Like many kids weren't really into the proposed softball league, and many of the villagers weren't too hip on the idea of bringing in rock bands and having dances. One youth commission project did occur about a month ago—an art fair, organized by some longhairs. It got no publicity in the Tinley Park Times.

There are no movie theaters in Tinley Park. Somebody tried to start a head shop last summer—had the space rented and everything. Then the villagers got up a petition saying it would "bring in undesirable elements", so there's no head shop. I don't even think you can buy



the Seed in Tinley Park (but we'd better make sure they get this issue). Plans are going for a coffee-house to open in the fall in the basement of a bank—unless the kids get hassled out of that, too. Used to be freaks could get jobs running Jumbo Ice Cream trucks, and the garage was a place to hang around until about a month ago, when Jumbo's license was taken away for "sanitary reasons." Even before the fires, Mayor Dunn sent a letter out to parents, telling them to watch out that their sons and daughters didn't grow their hair out or hang around the hippies or smoke dope.

And then there's Tinley Park high school, where some longhairs are told they should really drop out—that they don't belong in school—and where longhaired athletes are prohibited from being on the swimming and wrestling teams. And where one kid was expelled for the year for almost getting into a fight in the parking lot, and was then told he might be re-admitted next year IF he got a job and IF he didn't hang around with hippies and IF he kept his hair short.

All this is hearsay, of course, just from rappin' with the people. The Tinley Park Times tells us: "The recent adverse publicity cannot help but affect the town's future. But, if it brings pressure to bear to weed out the undesirables and control of some of its young people, it will have served a purpose."

Served a purpose? Mayor Dunn, in the tradition of our old hero, Julie Hoffman, is planting more "weeds" by his repression of those "festering sores" than the revolution could hope to do in the next five years.

Pig incident number 4: As I was leaving the park, I saw two County patrol squads stop an old beat-up car with three longhairs in it. Didn't look like they had done anything, so we gathered around to see what the trouble was. The pigs took the I.D.'s of not only the driver but those of his passengers as well. As he was copying them into his little book, an older man pulled up in a station wagon full of children and demanded of the cop to know what was going on. What was the violation? Why was he taking all the names down? The pig told the man it was none of his business, and that he'd better split or he'd be interfering with the duties of an officer. The man split, but said he was going to report the incident. It's good to know some of the adults of Tinley Park are hip to the shit that's coming down.

When we went over to rap to the dudes in the car, they said it was the fourth time they'd been stopped that day, just driving around, minding their own business. And in the true Yippie spirit, they had about 40 packs of matches on the dashboard. Right on!

Okie

"ROVING BANDS OF PIGS IN SQUADROLS"

The Free City Music gatherings in Lincoln Park have been relatively free of any significant repression by police for one important reason: the political overseers of this city are enforcing a calculated program of repressive tolerance. They will allow tribal gatherings, free food, good vibes, free music and a sense of community within a defined area, but freak when the boundaries are breached.

This carrot-and-stick was demonstrated Sunday, August 19th. Free City Music was rained out in Lincoln Park, but it showed that it's become too together to be stopped by moving the whole scene to the new world headquarters of the International Workers of the World, Wobbly Hall.

The Lincoln Park Zoo and Four Days and A Night had almost finished their music before the pigs hit. The crowd of six hundred or so assorted freaks began to sense the presence of and growing hostility from cop cars cruising Lincoln Avenue, and its suspicions were confirmed when the pigs began to stop

and hassle the people who had spilt out of the Hall and onto the sidewalk. Though the peaceful assembly of freaks never exceeded twenty or thirty people, the pigs hassled and haranged and then withdrew for half an hour to plan a total assault.

Lincoln Avenue was closed off for two blocks north of Fullerton by elements of the 19th District and the Tactical Force SS. Police ran amok, using mace and clubs as their version of "order." Angry militants who remained to defend their right to assemble were beaten and handcuffed.

A representative of the IWW approached the police mob with his hands in the air to try to reason with them and secure peace. The pigs greeted him with a club and arrested him, as well as another peace emissary from one of the bands.

The pigs then invaded the Hall, which caused a tactical retreat. The four arrestees were taken to the 19th District lockup until the Free City Community, rallying quickly, collected \$400 in ransom. Among the contributors was Head Imports (located

just downstairs from the Hall), which came through despite having been caught between the freaks and the pigs.

Inquiries into the origin of orders for the attack were fruitless. The Watch Commander at the 19th was reported to be "out to lunch" during the time of the attack, and the ranking officer at the scene told reporters that "they were arrested for failure to obey a police order, and I'm coming over right now and if YOU fail to obey a police order YOU will be arrested."

Pig City Power knows the potential of Free City Music and the other Free City activities. Rock music in Lincoln and Grant Park should not be taken as an easing of the pattern of repression of youth culture in Chicago. The government encourages us to "blow off steam" in the parks, where we can be isolated and contained. In the streets of our own communities the fight goes on.

— Ringo



Just a Shot Away...

"We shall celebrate with fiery dancing the death of your institutions." It says that on the cover of this issue, a cover that expresses hopes for a Utopia of afterward and a Nirvana of later-on even as it talks about death and fire.

Milwaukee--Randy Anderson, a Yippie, killed by police while supposedly preparing to firebomb an A & P. The police shot from ambush.

Lawrence--two youths killed by police, the first, a black, during a street altercation with police seeking information on a sniper who had shot a policeman, the second, a white freak, during a riot protesting the black's death and the presence of the Highway Patrol.

Vietnam--the occupying army invades the area, destroys the environment, and introduces corruption and mass violence on a previously-unknown scale.

The Cabrini-Green Housing Project is part of the Chicago Urban Pacification Program. People are stacked 20 stories high in buildings that vibrate from rape and mugging and social violence turned inward on its victims. Souls on ice after a day spent growing numb in the Man's school or doing his shitwork on the graveyard shift or waking in the morning to beg for foodstamps and please, massa, a special grant. A "development" fully in the tradition of American race relations.

Like Vietnam, there is an occupying army. There are patrolmen instead of grunts and Task Force instead of Air Cav and the soldiers all enlisted, but the job is still the same: keep the enemy in its place.

To the residents of Cabrini, death is nothing new, because as oppressed people violent death is an integral part of our lifestyle

Black Panther Party Statement

There was a "new development" at Cabrini Friday, July 17. Two cops were gunned down as they walked through the Project. They died.

Ptlmn. Rizzaro and Sgt. Severin were members of the walk-and-talk program, a ten-member detail designed to find out what the project people are into. Reconnaissance. From what people say, they were nice guys who probably saw themselves as real Officer Friendlies. Individualists. Per usual, the do-gooders got burnt.

Renault Robinson, head of the Afro-American Patrolman's League and the Peck's bad boy of the C.P.D., said that the program should be called the walk-and-spy project. An occupying army needs information, and it's all the better for the generals downtown if the troops in the field think they can do some good. The grunt thinks he's right, the system continues to perpetrate its wrongs.

Because it springs from racism, exploitation and lack of feeling carried to an absurd degree, Cabrini comes across like a science fiction horror story. Yet most of the residents--like most of the peasants in Nam or most anybody in any neighborhood--just try to get by. Others--because they see the need for their people to rise up or because the heaviness reaches a flash point which leaves no choice but to throw it off--meet the violence they face with violence of their own.

The response to the shootings vary. Police Superintendent Conlisk calls the four young blacks arrested after the attack "animals," then asks for a "professional response" from the outraged grunts. Two young blacks unrelated to the accused claim they were beaten at 18th District Headquarters: the mother of one states that the excuse given was "don't you know two white policemen have been killed?" Other 18th District officers, a little afraid over being pulled out of lucrative Rush Street or prostututy-fruity Old Town, a little hopeful that someone will try something, turn a neighborhood into Carbine Central. John Veal, the alleged trigger-man, surrenders on his fourth try after three judges of the Criminal Court are found to be out to lunch. His mother goes to the funeral parlor to say "I'm sorry" to Sgt. Severin's mother, as do Jesse Jackson and the mother of Fred Hampton.

There is no need for oppressed people to come forth and apologize to the oppressor for these pig deaths, because progressive people in the community saw this as a way of manifesting the determination of our people to be free...How can we say that the deaths of these two pigs was a painful senseless act. No black leader should have the audacity to tell people who have suffered for over 400 years that we should be sorry and mourn or cry because two armed members of the oppressor's forces got killed. To say that it's shameful, pitiful, is to say that it's alright for black people to suffer, as long as we suffer peacefully.

Black Panther Party Statement

Two policemen dead, six for the year. Last issue's cover--the cartoon guerilla scaring the cop--pushed into the past by the onrush of reality. The silent majority of the

hip community stays aloof as straight and radical, white and black, revolutionary and reactionary Chicago issue statements and shed tears and scream angrily:

Severin and Rizzato may have been two of the nicest pigs in Chicago, but their relationship to our community was what determined the truth...they took their orders from Mayor Daley and the wealthy pigs who run Chicago.

Black Panther Statement

Tell that Daley one word. Tell him 'malarky.' Tell him to stop this malarky. What kind of democracy is this? What kind of freedom is this? Is Rizzato free? woman outside the Queen of Angels Church

Split between its dislike for violence of any kind and its sympathy (instead of empathy) for black struggle, the hip community combines a Sunday of music and riot inside and outside the Wobbly Hall on N. Lincoln.

During the pacific days of Love Summer, the San Francisco Oracle ran an article which defined violence as something done by one person to another from a distance by using a machine and Romanticized hand-to-hand combat as a real part of our animal selves. During the Friday of urban guerilla warfare, police helicopters and snipers and other forms of invisible death marked the passing of a micro-age.

It is better that one man should die than the whole nation perish. Rev. Roger Mercurio at Sgt. Severin's funeral

I'd rather have my country die for me. Grace Slick/Airplane

Lincoln Park, Sunday, before the riot.

"How do you feel about the thing at Cabrini?" "Heavy."

"Heavy good or heavy bad." Silence.

"Can you get behind the shootings?" "Yeah. Way behind."

"Where are you at on the snipers?"

"I don't even want to talk about it. I think the whole thing sucks."

"Hey man, how do you feel about the shootings at the project?"

"Right on."

"Do you think it was cool to pick just any guy instead of a known bastard?"

"All pigs are the enemy. Why you want to know this shit anyhow?"

"I have absolutely no animosity toward anybody. Malice and violence should never come out of something like this.

Mrs. Catherine Severin, mother of Sgt. Severin

Tender words from a woman trying to rise above her profound grief. Tender tears, but not enough to wash the malice and violence that already exists, the malice that built Cabrini as a ghetto and the violence--whether reactionary or progressive (and there is a difference)--which killed Hampton and Clark and countless unfamous people as well as Severin and Rizzaro.

Going home. Key in the door, a noise, turn around to see two plainclothesmen. Not for me. A grey Fury in back of a yellow Cutlass on the wrong side of the street, two blacks spread-eagled on a car by two whites with guns. Frisk. Vehicle check. Innocent. Good day. Wrong conclusion based on the premise that "we" don't pay our niggers enough to have new cars.

Inside. Talking about death, about white skin privilege, about the irony of how easy it is to do heavy things when you have no choice and the stupidity of seeing that as a desirable position to be in. "Off the pig" home to roost, but thoughts of any victory come hard. Talking fucking smoking rapping away the heaviness, yet thinking about karate and targets. Home in America, with Amerika just a shot away. And this year's nobody's using blanks.

Brother Pun Plamondon, Minister of Defense of the White Panther Party, has been taken prisoner afetr spending 9 months underground.

Pun, charged with blowing up a CIA building in Ann Arbor, was arrested with two other White Panthers after crossing the Mackinac Straits Bridge in northern Michigan.

Pun and the others indicted will need all the help they can get to defend themselves from this politically-inspired bogus charge. Send help to W.P.P., 1520 Hill St., Ann Arbor, Michigan.

FLASH !!

FLASH !!

An IWW local of street sellers was formed at a meeting July 20. The union will attempt to organize Seed street sales, deal with police harassment, find new corners to sell. The next meeting is Monday, August 3rd at 7 p.m. sharp at the IWW Hall, 2440 N. Lincoln.

Volume 5, No. 8 of the Chicago Seed-like Topsy, it just "grewed"--the morning came without warning--Friday morning here at our office at 2551 N. Halsted--the day of our benefit--up all night, up the night before...

The night before. Lois rides by on her bicycle, but we can't go riding with her--too much to do... Marshall comes in...arguing, shouting, theatrics... the centerfold changes...Going for food...morning.. Maralee is eating a cantalope...NBC comes in at 7 in the morning so that Abe can hype our benefit on tv--we all stop and watch him...good words but the lights burn your eyes... "Please move your feet a little to the right."...Abe tells them about Media Burn...the sense of urgency passes as the morning begins to really happen...it'll happen...it'll come together....it has before, we know...it will again...

Words on the page...drawings...sometimes theres so much to say but so little time to think about it, to talk about it...that's the only urgency...so much to communicate...so much to say that we too often don't know how to express, feelings that we are just becoming aware of...trying to be honest with ourselves....

Decisions...momentous and small...Pun's been

busted..."Us and Them" --that's what the argument with Marshall was about...he came to talk to us and we chuckled at his vehemance... words are easier than reality...

The Seed--it's a bunch of people...a growing family....that's what's good...We'll have open meetings soon to enlarge the circle...(see page 15) ...We reserve the right to reject increasing amounts of the shlock ads that come in and to tear such garbage as Candid Press ads up into little pieces and mail them back...We want to give the money from the shlock WCFL ad we ran last issue to Free City Music...We want to go home and take a bath and eat some fruit and go to sleep and get up and goto the beach...We reserve the right to answer the phone (929-0133 or 34) by saying Bozo's Circus or Chicken Delight...We don't want to always take ourselves seriously--this issue we both rubbed noses and got into some heavy arguments about very real things that we still have to really work out... And "There is more day yet to dawn...the sun is but a morning star...."

Those who awoke his morning to see the sun included: Dana, Peter, Eliot, Lynda, Abe, David, George, Rebeca, Dick, Maralee, Bernie, Okie,

Marshall, MAC, the very beautiful Carbondale people, Larry, Euphoria, Wildreness Road--Eugenie, Warren, Tom, Andy, Nate, The Who, Lois, Susy Creamcheese, Leslie, Steve, The Krug, Neil, Marla, Eric, Pat, IWW, Robin, Counter-Cultural Law, It Ain't Me Babe, Liberated Guardian, Tav, Rising Up Typewriter, Rising Up Stat Paper, Bob & Judy, Frenchy, LNS, FRED News Service, Bamie, Ringo, Rudnick, Don Jackson, Colin, dozens of street sellers, Lou, Free City Exchange, News, Music, Food, Animals & etc. Radio Free Chicago, Ramparts, Varityper, NBC, the Magic Marvel Marching Society, More Dope Collective of the Youth International Party, our spiritual advisors and all the lonely people...

As per usual, we could use IBM selectric 71 typewriter ribbons, type balls and a machine, IBM carbon ribbons, stat paper, press type, xacto knives, Scotch Grip, white opaque, bicycles and other wheeled vehicles, all kinds of typewriters, border tapes, picture books, rapidographs, speed-ball pens, and money as well as good advice, articles, poetry, music, food and love. Thanx to the outlaws who brought the legal pads, envelopes pens and "other stuff"



Prisoners in maximum security at California's Soledad Prison are in the second week of a hunger strike demanding humane treatment for all prisoners and supporting the Soledad brothers, three black inmates charged with killing a prison guard in January.

Inmates in the maximum security wing spend 23½ hours a day in their cells and are prohibited from participating in education, work and recreation programs. They demand an end to cruel and unusual punishments, the removal of sadistic gun tower guards, improvements in medical care, food clothing, and sleeping conditions, and a program of education and recreation.

The demands are signed by a black inmate, a caucasian and a chicano, indicating the prisoners may be overcoming racial hostility fanned by prison authorities.

Soledad has been the scene of great unrest and violence since January 13, when a prison guard killed three black inmates and wounded two other prisoners, allegedly in an attempt to stop a fight in the exercise yard. Three days later during a hunger strike protesting the shootings, a white guard was found dead in the prison, and George Jackson, Fleeta Drumgo and John Clutchette, now known as the Soledad brothers, were charged with the murder.

The three had been instrumental in helping blacks, caucasians and chicanos in maximum security understand that their real enemies were the guards and the pigs outside, not each other. A defense committee has been formed and a group of black California legislators is investigating the shootings.

Repression. It's nothing new. But it's starting to come down harder. Bobby Seale still faces the electric chair. As we send this to the printer, we learn that 13 Weathermen have been indicted for bombings. A government committee accuses the Illinois Panthers of a plot to kill state officials. White Panther Pun Plamondon is picked up after months of staying underground. Dope busts at the airport. Nearly every case is similar--the juries are white and old, the judge is harsh, the evidence non-existent--the convictions all but certain. Amerika is an octopus--it has many arms--stretching from Vietnam to our living rooms. The long, slimy arms of the octopus seem powerful--but they can be chopped off one by one--DO IT!

Houston radicals are continuing a fight for release of Lee Otis Johnson, former SNCC organizer sentenced to 30 years by an all-white jury for the "sale" of one joint in August, 1968.

They presented petitions bearing 11,000 signatures to the Texas parole board, which immediately decided it was "not in the best interests of the community" to free Johnson.

In the six months prior to his arrest, Houston pigs filed 16 charges against Johnson. His dope arrest came six weeks after the sale allegedly took place, but only two days after Johnson attacked the mayor and police chief at a Martin Luther King memorial rally.

Because even his enemies suspect Johnson will eventually be freed after appeals, the prison guards are continuing attempts to provoke him either into other "crimes" or into physical violence, which would justify isolation and additional beatings.

But Johnson has avoided most of the provocation so far, although he is in the prison hospital recovering from high blood pressure brought on by continued psychological tormenting.

In the wake of a right wing attack on another movement office, a calling card of Red Paint and a stolen mailing list was the fate of La Dalores Women's Liberation Center at Orchard and Armitage. La Dalores is involved in doing a day care center, fighting for free abortion on demand and runs a Marxist study group. Their landlord is trying to evict them, after they stopped paying rent because he wouldn't do repairs. A lot of building codes violations in the building go unreported because of collusion between their landlord and Alderman Barr McCutcheon. A meeting to discuss the future of the Center will be held there August 3rd at 7 p.m.

GOOD NEWS FROM BROTHER J. EDGAR HOOVER

PROTEST ACTIVITY

Mr. Hoover reported that there was a sharp increase in protest demonstrations on college campuses during the school year of 1969-1970, noting that a total of 1,785 such demonstrations took place.

Sit-ins and building seizures numbered 313, and Reserve Officers' Training Corps installations were subjected to a total of 281 attacks. In 73 instances students protested military recruiting on college campuses. There were 38 demonstrations protesting research for the Government. Corporate recruiters were the targets of another 63 demonstrations.

Looking to the months ahead, the FBI Director said that student committees have been formed on numerous college campuses and will spend the summer planning activity for the forthcoming fall term. These groups plan to encourage the support of political candidates opposed to Administration policies and will insist that schools be closed for a period so that students will be free to participate in this activity.

SELECTIVE SERVICE INVESTIGATIONS

Mr. Hoover said that during the year New Left-type organizations continued to advocate militant resistance to the draft in colleges and even in high schools. There was an increasing number of attempts to damage local draft board offices and destroy Selective Service records. Individuals and groups on our campuses led much of the opposition to the draft, and organizations such as the Union for National Draft Opposition which was founded at Princeton University, called for the mass surrender of draft cards.

CIVIL RIGHTS INVESTIGATIONS

The FBI Director emphasized that investigations arising out of major disorders continued to require substantial commitments of FBI manpower, and this was especially true in connection with civil rights violations.

As just one example, Mr. Hoover noted that on February 2, 1970, a Federal Grand Jury at San Francisco, California, returned indictments charging 12 present, or former, Alameda County, California, deputy sheriffs with civil rights violations. The indictments were based on FBI investigations in connection with the arrests and incarceration of more than 400 persons in May, 1969, following disturbances at Berkeley, California. Some of those charged were accused of the shotgun wounding of demonstrators and the subsequent beating of those arrested. The trial in this case has been set for August 31, 1970.

This page courtesy of:
FRED News Service
M. Marshall
& Bernie.

Flag freaks are striking out against the movement in Texas under a 1918 state law prohibiting the desecration of an American flag or its imitations, including emblems, decals, and flag shirts.

Gary Deeds and Steve Boyd burned a red-white-and-blue decorative banner in a Dallas park on April 19 and were seized immediately by undercover pigs. Boyd is underground with a warrant out but Deeds stuck around for a six-man-six-woman jury which gave him four years.

Rev. Bob Jones of the Dallas Free Church (not of Bob Jones U.I.) is in solitary confinement (5x8 cell, on furniture bedding, toilet hole in the floor) for wearing dime store bunting sewn to the legs of his bell bottom fatigues. His \$25,000 bail has been lowered to \$3,000 but the county probation office won't let him loose anyway because of previous arrests.

Desecration by masturbation? In Houston, three Rice University students were also busted for desecrating a flag but the complaining witness, a campus arch-conservative, had trouble describing just what happened when one of the three allegedly masturbated with the flag. After all, says the Dallas Notes, "genitals are embarrassing things to talk about in court, particularly when your proud parents are sitting in the front row."

There have been no convictions until this year under the 52 year old law, which is being challenged in federal court.

BEATING

Two years ago, the "in" word in political circles was "polarization." It spoke of the widening gap between the two dominant social and political forces in America—the uptight, conservative social order of the older generation of whites, and the chaotic, radical communo-anarchism of the young, black and hungry. People then spoke also of getting "radicalized" by the end of a police club or a tear gas canister.

This is the summer of the reality. Polarization is no longer a term in the abstract, it is an accomplished fact. Radicalization still goes on, but the people in the streets are no longer innocent bystanders—they are latter-day freedom fighters, fighting for the freedom to come together on liberated turf. Where summers used to be long and hot in the black ghetto, they're becoming equally torrid in the "Youth ghettos" of every American city. The good-vibes anarchism of the early days of the youth movement has given way to a more serious realization that you can't Do Your Thing in Amerika without provoking violence from the minions of the Tight-ass Culture. The surprise on the face of the cop confronted with a flower-toting hippie has given way to the snarl of rage and the uplifted club, designed to keep radical youth from uprooting the way of life that the policeman is sworn to protect.

Indications that the "clash of cultures" is becoming a war abound. In Kansas City, AVolker Park has become a freak hang-out. People sit around most nights, drinking Ripple, smoking local weed and playing congas—just hanging around digging on being together. The police come and claim there is an ordinance requiring everyone to be out of the park by 11 pm. There's no such law, but that doesn't make much difference any more. When the pigs try to force people out of the park, they're greeted by 300 angry young people, black and white, who turn over a police van, push a squad car into the lake, hurl epithets and harder objects at the marauding forces, and then split the scene before reinforcements arrive. Number arrested—NONE. The next night another 200 people gather, the night after that—150. Each night, the police gather and threaten the crowd, only to meet with jeers and hoots. Each night, reinforcements show up, only to find that the resident freaks have melted into the shrubbery. Two years ago, pig repression hadn't organized to the point of constant unprovoked harassment of white youths. Two years ago, though, the freaks would've split without a hassle. No more.

In West Palm Beach, Florida, for example, the city ordered the closing of a "People's Park." When the community refused to leave their park, the police showed up in full force. If they were expecting a park full of angry people to disperse at the very sight of their battle array, they must have been astonished when their bully-boy tactics were met with a sky filled with flying objects. Sixty-four

arrests were made, but the issue is not yet settled.

In Lawrence, Kansas, battles have been going on for months as the freaks of that college town struggle to develop a permanent community. Last week, in Lawrence's black ghetto, a 19 year old black Kansas U. student was shot and killed on the increasingly familiar pretext of "searching for a sniper." The next night, the white brothers and sisters of Lawrence hit the streets to show how they felt about the PD's policy of "kill one of them for every cop sniped." The result—several shot, one fatally in the head. James Rector was first, who will be next? Two nights after the State Highway Patrol was called in to "keep things cool," a tremendous explosion tore a huge hole in the wall of the Credit Bureau Building, scene of the previous encounters.

In Milwaukee, police claimed that Randy Anderson was throwing a fire bomb when they shot him to death. Randy, a member of the Youth International Party and a veteran of Vietnam, was shot in the back of the head. The police chief first claimed that the bullets had ricocheted off a building and hit Randy (and Don Rubin, another YIP) in the back. He later claimed that they were shot as they tried to flee, or that they were spun around by the force of the first shotgun blast and then shot in the back. "Sure," said the community, and street riots followed.

Riots also followed in Buffalo when the pigs broke up a street Art Fair held by the community in response to a similar fair held in another part of town. Breaking up the Fair consisted of throwing tear gas, squirting Mace, and swinging clubs at everyone present.

If some sort of pattern seems to be forming, it's probably even clearer in Palo Alto, California. There, the White Panther Party tried to hold an outdoor rock concert. Police minions waited patiently for the 11:00 curfew on amplified music, and when a group's cancellation ended the concert before that hour, they started "dispersing" the crowd anyway, straights included, with the usual implements of destruction. Predictably, some of the folks responded with rocks and bottles. Zap!—263 arrests. 500 people showed up at the City Council meeting the next night to protest the treatment given lawfully assembled citizens, resulting in more clubs, more Mace and a couple dozen more arrests. Since then, members of the White Panther Party and other local radicals have been subject to raids, searches and midnight attacks at the hands of police vigilantes. The Palo Alto community is being moved on, and the situation is still tense.

It hasn't only been the heavy city freaks who have been struggling against the new summer wave of snuffs. Yosemite National Park has traditionally been a place where West Coast dopers go to cool out, many of them spending the entire summer wandering around the spacious woods. A couple of weeks ago, two local pigs pulled up to a group of tokers at Cass Lake and began busting them. Peaceful country vibes disintegrated as 120 people decided not to sit by and watch their brothers and sisters get ripped off. They surrounded the squad car and prevented the bust. When the pigs radioed for help, the rustic confrontation forced the Park Service to close all access roads to the most visi-

THE HEAT

ted National Park in the country for several days. A week later a similar scene resulted when park rangers tried to bust another pack of dopers. Freaks held off 50 rangers with rocks and bottles for over hour.

A pattern has developed. Police forces all over the country are trying to single-handedly stem the rising tide of new consciousness, and the new people are refusing, in greater numbers and with greater force, to knuckle under to the knuckleheads. People are showing that they won't let the sight of a billy-club or a cloud of gas deter them from creating liberated zones wherever they happen to set their feet.

A classic example, if there ever was one, was Independence Day in Washington D.C., jointly sponsored by the Honor America Committee and the July 4th Smoke-In Committee. There was confrontation aplenty, as 25,000 stoned-out freaks made sport of Billy Graham, Bob Hope and a red-white-and-blue All-Star cast. The usual "clubs, gas and Mace vs. rocks and bottles" lineup occurred sporadically during the day, as the DC police tried to keep the dopers away from the dupers. About 3000 freaks watched Billy Graham from the cool waters of the Reflecting Pool; fully 20,000 straggled up to watch Bob Hope and his Geritol Review. Shouts as diverse as "Higher, Higher," "Free Bobby Seale," "Fuck Miss Amerika," and "Bob Hope has Crabs" were heard throughout the ceremony, much to the confusion of the rear-guard of the assembled flag-wavers. In a spontaneous display of guerrilla theater—astonishingly together considering that the crowd was entirely leaderless the whole time—freaks liberated ice-cream trucks, pushed searchlights into the Pool for a refreshing bath, and goofed all over the show. Imagine the spectacle of half the crowd facing the stage, listening to Bob Hope or somesuch chump exhorting the crowd about the greatness of Amerika, while the other half of the crowd faces the opposite direction, listening to thousands of freaks proclaiming the independence of the New Nation. The aspect of confrontation with the police pales in light of the greater confrontation of two polar states of mind, cultures, life-styles. Two competing species, one old and decaying, the other young, vital and growing, peering at each other across a line of cops.

And, as Roland Kirk says. . . "It ain't gonna get any lighter." The scene in Washington, for example, happened simultaneously with 250,000 other freaks entering a field near Macon, Georgia, to listen to three days of rock music. Historically, this may be the Summer of the Rock Festival Circuit. It may also be, from all appearances, the last year that such events will be allowed to take place. If culture clashes are hitting the streets amidst such a grandiose diversion, imagine what will happen next summer, when "Rock Festivals" will carry an entirely different meaning.

— Eliot





FREE CITY

FREE CITY EXCHANGE is the Chicago community switchboard. Anything you need to fuck the system, stay alive, make the revolution, or be just a little bit happier may be available from someone they know. Call 281-7197 or stop in 2261 N. Lincoln. They need money for phone bills and rent and volunteers to answer phones so the service can be expanded to 24 hours/day.

FREE CITY NEWS is a weekly sheet sheet which has just expanded into a four-page newsletter that talks about resources and lawnorder. Call Jeff or Rita at Free City Exchange (281-7197) with news or offers of money or paper.

FREE CITY FOOD is into supplying free feeds for the community at our festivals and events. They need your help to continue, so give them a call at the Free City Exchange (281-7197) or come by the Exchange on Monday nights. Donations of time, money and food are most welcome.

FREE CITY MUSIC is currently being run by Euphoria Blimp Works to provide free music for our community. They can't do it alone, if you can help in any way call them at 368-0140. If you are a band and want to play some gigs for the people, give them a call right away.

FREE CITY CLOTHING is at the Seed, and has a fair amount of clothing. Future donations should go to the Black Panther Party, the Young Lords, or Concerned Citizens. Stop by for what we have if you need it.

FREE THEATER presents plays at the Lincoln Park Presbyterian Church, 600 W. Fullerton, on Sundays.

FREE CITY ANIMALS is at the Wilkie Pet Shop, right up the street from the Seed. They have lots of free dogs and cats. Call 281 - 0461.

FREE CITY AIRWAVES is:

DO IT NEWS on WGLD (102.7FM) every Monday through Saturday at 11AM. John Ryan gives the latest happenings in our community and the world and a listing of good things to do and go to.

RADIO FREE CHICAGO is on WEAW, 105FM, brings you music and news, community activities and general freakiness every day from 12 midnite to 5AM.

TRIAD is on WXFM, 105.9FM, from 9PM to midnite every day, with good music and information.

If you have a news item or an announcement of a community event call the Seed or drop on by and we'll get it to the Free City Airwaves people.

FREE CITY DOPE isn't together but should be. Don't call -- just DO IT! Free dope for a free people.

FREE CITY FORUM is an open community meeting to discuss the problems and activities of the Chicago Free Community. There hasn't been enough communication between the Seed, Free City Exchange, Free City Music and other organizations and the community we are all a part of. If you're at all interested in the growth of a true free city you should be there. The first meeting will be held on Monday August 3, at 7:30 PM in the Wobbly Hall, 2440 North Lincoln Ave. Come prepared to offer ideas, criticisms and help.

PEOPLES' PARK at Armitage & Halsted needs loving care, along with playground equipment. Feel free to just go and work on it, or see the Young Lords for specifics.

THE PEOPLE'S DIRECTORY is currently being put together to coordinate skills and crafts in the Lincoln Park area. "The Directory is not advertising for already existing and available capitalistic enterprises, but a pepples' information service." It will be published in both English and Spanish. Call 525-7748 and announce your skill or ability to help the project.

YOUNG LORDS ORGANIZATION fights for the right of Puerto Ricans to exist in decent conditions, as well as for a free Puerto Rico. 834 W. Armitage, 549-8505.

THE ILLINOIS CHAPTER of the **BLACK PANTHER PARTY** publishes a community bulletin, operates 6 community centers, 3 breakfast programs, a medical center, and The National Committee to Combat Fascism. They need money, breakfast foods, office equipment and supplies, mimeos, typewriters, cars. The office is at 2350 W. Madison, call 243-8276 for more info.

THE WHITE PANTHER PARTY is parallel to the Black Panther Party in that it fulfills the needs of the community from which it comes. Free revolutionary classes in political education are given every Tuesday and Thursday from 7:30-9:30 at the People's Information Center, 2152 N. Halsted. It also publishes a community news service (see **FREE CITY NEWS**). For more information please call 787-1962.

RIISING UP ANGRY is an organization of brothers & sisters both grease and freaks thruout the city. They publish a newspaper, hold open raps, cool out fights between the gangs and try to get the people together to fight the real enemy, have a womens group, and help brothers and sisters who are harassed and busted. Box. 3746 Merchandise Mart, Call 472-1791 for more info.

AGITPOOP has moved to the country. They'll probably be back in the fall.

HYDE PARK COOPERATIVE SOCIETY has been dropped because of high prices.

CHICAGO BRANCH of the **INDUSTRIAL WORKERS OF THE WORLD** is part of Americas oldest genuine radical labor organization. The office is shared with the national headquarters at 2440 N. Lincoln. The hall is available for use by community organizations for meetings, socials, and benefits. Volunteer office help is welcome, call 549-5045 for help in job situations in need of labor organizers. Meetings 1st Friday of every month at 8:00 pm.

WOMEN'S LIBERATION

Chicago Womens Liberation Union
2875 W. Cermak, 927-1790
5406 S. Dorchester 363-1348
Orchard & Armitage, 944-8087
Revolutionary Art Co-op
642-9456

Health Center--offers minor gynecological services as of the fall. Summer classes in prenatal care, birth control, sex education, abortion counseling, etc. Call Pat McGauley at 373-1420 for information about the center. Toby Silvey at 324-4985 to find out about the summer classes.

Problem Pregnancy Counselling and services are available through Jane (Women's Liberation) - 643-3844 and through Clergyman's Counselling Service - 667-6015.

MEN AGAINST COOL are a group of men trying to deal with the ways in which men oppress women, other men and themselves. They are holding continuing rap sessions on these topics. For info call 248-9622 or 477-9771.

GAY LIBERATION is dedicated to freedom for homosexuals to live without fear of repression & to develop points of solidarity of gay people with other oppressed peoples.

N. Side---Loyala/DePaul	935-0148
S.Side ---University of Chicago	324-5478
Circle Campus	363-7630
Northwestern U/N. Suburbs	338-9241

Women's Caucus---south	324-5478
---north	642-7476

D.O.B.	869-9075
Mattachine	334-2244

COUNTER CULTURAL LAW SERVICE is a group of NU Law students who want to help with the legal hassles of living a free life in Chicago. Communes, political organizations and community organizations can get legal defense as well as legal offense by calling 649-8576.

UP AGAINST THE BAR

"We must never forget that it is a constitution we are expounding." Marshall, C.J. McCulloh v Maryland 14 U.S. 316 (1819). Bullshit. We must never forget that it is capitalism, imperialism, racism and sexism which have been the law for 300 years.

You're caught with your pants down when your assumptions are revealed. Our genitals being in full view, we assume:

1. America is a fascist state and must be destroyed.
2. The legal system embodies the ideology of the ruling class.
3. The court system enforces this ideology.
4. The lawyer is a manipulator, successfully socialized into the logic of private property, the Puritan ethic, and plastic emotions.

The Counter-Culture Law Project is a group of lawyers and law students who reject all vestiges of the traditional confines of the legal profession. We are struggling towards being a part of the political and cultural revolution because we recognize the necessity for a socialist, humanist, internationalist society.

The American Revolution entails not only the political overthrow of the state but the creation of new cultural and social relationships among people. New cultural and social forms grow out of the decaying corpse of the old. Dialectically, as the old forms perish, the new develop and flourish. The seeds of the new forms exist to-

day--communes, work collectives, free schools, liberated media, arts and music.

Being a revolutionary in the mother country today presupposes a merger of political and cultural interests. There is no longer one correct model for a revolutionary. The varieties of human experience and creativity are manifest in numerous modes of revolutionary behavior. Therefore, a revolutionary family structure, featuring property and income sharing, collective responsibility for child-raising, is as serious a threat to the ruling class as an urban para-military guerillas (both modes being necessary to destroy America).

We of the Counter-Culture Law Project see our role in the cultural revolution as going beyond that of a traditional lawyer-client relationship. Our role is two-fold:

1. To protect viable counter-cultural forms
- and 2. To foster solidarity among all revolutionaries.

If you are living the cultural revolution and are being hassled, call Lee or Bill at 649-8576 or drop by at 360 E. Superior Street, Chicago, the Northwestern Legal Assistance Clinic. We are willing to provide, free of charge, not only criminal and civil defense, but will initiate affirmative actions to afford protection and bargaining position. We'd also like to rap with people who are into the counter-culture about moving towards the idea of living in liberated zones within the city. Give us a call and we'll come and visit any time.



Good numbers

Men Against Cool	248-9622
LSD Rescue	7717 N Sheridan 338-6750
† †	
<u>DRAFT COUNSELING</u>	
CADRE	519 W North 664-6895
Hyde Pk Anti-Draft	5615 S Woodlawn 363-1248
N. Shore Anti-Draft	475-2260
Amer. Friends	407 S Dearborn 427-2533
† †	
Police	(request district) PIG-4000
Police Emergency	765-1313
Audy Home	2240 W Roosevelt 633-2200
Cook County Jail	2600 S California 523-0101
† †	
<u>GAY LIBERATION</u>	
South Side/U of C	324-5478
North Side	935-0148
Northwestern Univ	338-9241
Gay Women's Liberation	324-5478
Mattachine Midwest	334-2244



RED EARTH

Four Heads Sights & Sounds

6744 N. Sheridan
HEAD SHOP
CLOSED ON SUNDAY

6749 N. Sheridan
RECORDS • TAPES

TAKE A TRIP IN THE COUNTRY WITH AREA CODE 615.



YOU MAY NEVER COME BACK.

Those famous Nashville cats have returned—with the solid good music that reigned in their first LP. Make no mistake about it, these boys can play. And on their second album for Polydor, they've come up with sophisticated instrumentals that do things to country, rock, rhythm and blues you've never heard done before. *Trip In The Country* has everything.

Country strings. Crusty vocals. Flutes and French horns. All, solid good music superbly performed by some of the best studio men in the world. Take a trip in the country with Ken Buttrey, David Briggs, Mac Gayden, Charlie McCoy, Elliot Mazer, Wayne Moss, Weldon Myrick, Norbert Putnam, Buddy Spicher and Bobby Thompson. You may never come back.



Polydor Records, Cassettes and 8-Track Cartridges are distributed in the USA by Polydor Inc.; in Canada by Polydor Records Canada Ltd.



Some perceptive person once noted that it wouldn't be hard to imagine a rock festival turning into a concentration camp. What they didn't foresee was that people would pay six bucks a head to get in. It happened here in Chicago on July 18th in Soldiers Field. It was WCFL (Big Ten Radio), 22nd Century Productions and Mayor Daley's Reach Out Pogrom coming together in stereophonic sound to bring you 15--count 'em--15 bands, fenced-in sunshine,--a summer music festival complete with all the necessary souvenir posters and \$2 straw hats. It was more than the admission price. It was more than the (mostly) mediocre music.... It opened at sunrise with fireworks. The first group to play was It Doesn't Matter. The name of the group was indicative of the whole tone of the day--it didn't matter. As you entered the stadium you were confronted with the image of thousands of people desperately huddled together like sardines in the middle of a big empty stadium. Andy Frain ushers, acting under orders from a WCFL bigwig, searched your picknik basket or cooler for booze--half the time people with bags of groceries, cans of

fenced in sun shine

pop or just "suspicious" bundles were turned back to stow their belongings in their cars. A revolving stage...a fence keeping the people twenty yards from the music--a few hundred people scattered thru the bleachers...half the crowd would clap on cue to the dull, lifeless, uninspired sounds emanating from the platform...But most horrifying of all was the hundreds of people who walked in a circular path around the crowd--not looking at anything, wandering aimlessly. Rock music, whatever it once stood for, has been pretty thoroughly co-opted. It's nothing unusual now to see the WCFL ad for their festival with the peace sign--in six months, you might see the fist instead. Anything that will sell. The symbols get sucked dry of their content. Soldiers Field was where CFL dj Dick Biondi really turned everything into peanut butter by addressing the crowd as "brothers and sisters" and saying, without much awkwardness: "This is where it's at." It was the AM radio audience--high school sweaters--property of Austin High Athletic Department--Sophomore Wrestling Team. Suburban teen-agers holding a procession with two small signs that read: "We want to get high on Mesc or MDA." People

were selling garbage grass at a dime for a nickle. The Hari Krishna people, still a new sight in Chicago, sold their pamphlets and incense. A film crew took in the lone tent that stood pathetically in the middle of the field. There were no animals--dogs couldn't get in--even with a ticket. And people liked it--or thought they did. "I like it a lot," one young girl told me, "real nice." "WOW,BOY" was another typical reaction. A guy wearing a teshirt lettered "PLEASE" (which all the staff wore) told me that he was going to be paid, maybe, \$15 for the day, but that "I should pay them for letting me work here...The mood," he said, is beautiful... a really hazy orange...people are smiling and coming up and kissing people that they don't know..." Just as he spoke, some people blowing soap bubbles sauntered past... Another fellow working on the staff passed by giving out the three color posters. "They make great schoolbook covers," he exclaimed. . . Twelve to fourteen thousand people. Six bucks a head. An usher (paid \$2 an hour) told us that the overhead for the whole affair was around \$25,000. He viewed it as a flop too ("bad show")but felt sure that the thing would make money. At first, people wouldn't buy Seeds--or cokes from the vendors--later in the day, bored, they were looking for something to do--and did. The people outside the stadium weren't even bothering to panhandle money for a ticket. "You can hear the music from out here man."

A lot of people over at the Seed--staff and street sellers--are really ashamed at this point that we helped to promote the Soldiers Field fiasco by running a full page ad in our last issue. Sure--it was \$350, and the paper needs money to survive--but the question is: to survive as what? A paper that's responsible to the community or one that sells it's space and soul to the highest bidder? The money we're getting for the ad will probably go to something like Free City Music. Last week we turned down two full page ads from a character promoting a festival in Wisconsin who couldn't--or more accurately wouldn't--tell us who would be performing and who had set it up.

There were a lot of groups playing at Soldiers Field--fifteen bands, like I said,--a lot of people thought it was Happy Day and Dreams. In reality, it was Pig Iron and pure Illusion.

— Bernie Cobb-Farber

Festerville Check List

The following is a list of items that, if brought to a rock festival, will help assure that you neither starve to death, die of exposure, shrivel from thirst, mildew or rot.

ACCOMODATIONS:

- *A Sleeping bag
- *Groundcloth--especially if it rains.
- *A tent if possible--this can be improvised from plastic drop cloths, rocks and sticks.
- *Rope-- for Holding Together. The stronger the better.
- *Clothes for a variety of climates--french-fried, chilled or underwater.

SUSTENANCE:

- *Food--a three-day supply, preferably non-perishable, cheap and healthful. (Brown rice, vegetables, spaghetti, wheat bread and fruit are staples).
- *Cooking utensils--at least one skillet and a big pot; a knife (very versatile artifact), forks and a stirring spoon and/or spatula.
- *Water container--gallon wine jugs are fun to empty and useful later. You might even start out with a gallon from home, just in case of absent-minded promoters.
- *Shovel--to dig a pit for your fire. Smokey may be a government agent, but he knows his ass about forest fires.
- *Matches--preferably the long wooden ones. Improvise a waterproof container.
- *Hatchet-- for firewood; a necessity for any good fire.
- *Can-opener--the GI variety (the P-38) costs 10¢, fits in your pocket, and never fails.
- *Dope--need I say why? Be careful in transit, though.
- *Cigarettes--if you must

MISCELLANEOUS:

- *Soap--if you're into it.
- *Toilet paper--self-explanatory.
- *Tissues--unless you have sleeves.
- *Large plastic garbage bags--don't forget your ecological conscience.
- *First aid supplies--at least band aids and disinfectant.
- *Insect repellent--you'll hate yourself if you forget this. Bugs will love you. Guaranteed.
- *Niacin-- (to level out a bummer, although acid rescue will be around somewhere.)
- *Salt pills--if they don't make you nauseous... may save you from heat stroke.
- *wire cutters (the Gooselake festival is surrounded by electric fencing, so bring rubber gloves if you're serious about cutting your way in.
- *contraceptives--if you use them
- *ear plugs and cotton for either survival or aesthetic reasons--hard to sleep without them
- *Feminine hygiene supplies.
- *Lawyer's phone number--you never know...

Well, have fun--and I'll see you in the mud.....

DATE	NAME	SITE & SITE ATTRACTIONS	TALENT	REMARKS	\$
8/28-29-30	Philadelphia Folk Festival	Schwenksville, Pa. (30 miles north of Philly, near Pa. turnpike	Tom Paxton, Buddy Guy, John Hartford, Irish Rovers, Fairport Convention, Mississippi Fred McDowell, Patrick Sky, & 36 others.	Supported by Penn. Council on the Arts, Camping facs.	\$15. -
7/31-8/1-2	Galena, Ill.	Galena, Ill.	Flying Burrito Bros., Youngbloods, Hot Tuna, Everly Bros., Poco	400 Acre farm, alleged to be well provided with shit-houses, water, cheap food.	\$10. adv. \$15. gate
7/31-8/1-2	Powder Ridge	Powder Ridge Ski Area, Middleton Conn.	Sly, Mountain, Jethro Tull, Joe Cocker, Grand Funk, John Sebastian, Ten Years After, Janis Joplin, Delaney & Bonnie, Chuck Berry	300 acres of campsites, woods lakes., etc. adv. tickets ONLY should be a huge turnout as close to NYC & Boston good facilities	\$20.00
8-4-9	Harmonyville	Sussex County, N.J.	Joe Cocker, Muddy Waters, Hot Tuna, Big Brother, Ten Year After Chicago, Roland Kirk, Jefferson Airplane, Little Richard, Jethro Tull.	800 acre farm in N NJ on the Delaware r. ample facilities. same people as At. City last year. Biggy 50 mi. fr NYC	\$20.00
8/7-8-9	Ann Arbor Blues Fest.	Ann Arbor, Mich.	Howlin Wolf, Bukka White, Albert King, Bobby Bland, Buddy Guy, Otis Rush, Jr. Parker, Big Mama Thornton, John Lee Hooker, & lots more	camp grounds available,should be a filler show	\$10.
8/7-8-9	Goose Lake	Goose Lake Park Jackson, Mich	Small faces, Jethro Tull Flock, Chicago, Savage Grace, Alice Cooper, 10 years after	admissionby "unduplicable custom desgnd Las Vegas cliip. shows where promoters are, claim they will limit admsns	\$15.
8/7-8-9	Strawberry Fields Festival "First International AlterNation"	Monoton, New Brunswick, Canada	ten years after Jethro Tull, Hog Heaven,Eric Burdon, Cactus, Leonard Cohen, Delaney & Bonnie, Sly, Mountain Led Zeppelin	on beaches bordering North-umberland strt camping, fresh seafood	\$15.00

WILDERNESS ROAD

It's a shame when you think of all the indigenous music that's been stifled and/or driven out of Chicago by lack of local support. Especially when you see 5000 people paying \$5-a-head to hear a group of Englishmen imitate the music called "Chicago", while the originators of the blues play for \$25 apiece in a sweaty Southside club.

Wilderness Road is a band that refuses to be forced out of Chicago. They won't leave because they consider themselves a Chicago band, and because they relate to the community, not the front office. They're not a group of teenagers with brand-new electric guitars — they've all been on the scene for a while. Tom and Andy Haban are brothers who started out doing classical and chamber music. Shortly after trading their oboe and bassoon for a bass and drums, they met Nate Herman and Warren Leming, ex-Second City actors who'd been playing bluegrass and rock and roll together for ten years.

This then is an interview with a Chicago band.

SEED: How long has the Road been playing together?

ROAD: About two years, and actually a lot longer in that we've jammed with each other individually for several years before that.

SEED: Where has the band worked?

NATE: Let's see: Free City Music in Lincoln Park-Second City; The Downtown Free Festival; the L.W.W. Hall; various Yippie Nights; Wisconsin; student strikes; and generally a lot of free movement gigs. Plus the local club scene.

SEED: The word free kept cropping up — what's Road's attitude towards free music?

WARREN: The Road is a community band — by that I mean that we all live here in Chicago, and that we identify ourselves with this community.....and this is reflected in our music, and in the fact that we play — usually free

— for the people and the organizations that make up the community: like the people from the American Indian Village or for Free City music in the park.

With all the reams of bullshit written daily about Rock and Roll, there is no way to get a clearer understanding of what Rock is and how it affects people than to attend a Who concert. Suffice to say that they produce more raw energy per minute than any band anywhere.

The Who passed through Chicago earlier this month, and after spending two hours with our brains plastered to the back of our skulls, we managed to stagger to their hotel and ask a few questions of lead singer Roger Daltrey.

SEED: They just had something like 200,000 people at the Atlanta Pop Festival. They had to open the gates and let everyone in free because 1000 people charged the gate screaming "Free, Free Free"...

ROGER: I don't agree with that. I mean, I agree with it in theory, but it doesn't work. Obviously there's going to be the day when you won't need money, and work is a fucking hazard anyway, but we're not going to see it in our lifetime, and the sooner you realize that and start working to make it better and not trying to make it in one big jump... Because you can't exist like that; it's all right to say "free music", but we couldn't play for free every night. It costs us a lot of money to get on the road. The one thing the kids have got is rock music, the kids identify with it and it's a universal thing, bringing people together. This free thing is going to kill it. It really will...

SEED: ...you mean Free Concerts?

ROGER: Sure man, play free concerts, but let's face it, one way or the other, someone's got to pay. The thing about it is that it shouldn't be exorbitant, there's a lot of hypes going on with prices, y'know. We're really trying to keep them down.

SEED: Well there's a letter in a recent Rolling Stone from Bill Graham, where he says that the exorbitant prices the bands are asking is killing the indoor rock scene.

ROGER: Well, a lot of groups are asking an awful lot of money... you know, I'm really down on Rolling Stone. They are the biggest hype...they are the most hypocritical paper I've ever... I wish you'd slam them, I really do. Rolling Stone is the biggest fucking hype in America as far as music goes. They're always branding everyone else as capitalist bastards. Jann Wenner makes a fuckin' million dollars a month off of Rolling Stone, don't let him kid you, man. The people he gets to review a show we did at the New York Opera House that — in any case, whether we played bad or good is

SEED: Is there much paid work for a local band right now?

ANDY: No....and one of the main reasons is that there's very little local or community support for Chicago bands. For instance, we did a gig with a good band at the Five Stages and that same night another rock-parlor had a big out of town group in: we drew about 75 people.

SEED: Have you thought about leaving Chicago-since that's what a great many bands have done in order to survive?

TOM: We don't want to do that because we would like to see a community rock scene develop here in Chicago. Something close to what happened in Frisco or Ann Arbor or Detroit. That is, community groups with a community following.

SEED: What is there to distinguish you from a great many other bands locally?

WARREN: I think it's a difference in approach. We do a lot of original material- and we're into satire in both our musical material and in the bits or raps that we do for an audience. I think we demand or should I say ask a lot more from an audience than most bands do; but the reason for that is that we are doing something different-and most audiences are not totally used to the idea of a band that's into dialogue, satire, or theatre, in addition to music. Its like, if Lenny Bruce had been billed as a rock singer- would people have listened? I hope so—?

SEED: You played the Rock festival in Poynette, Wisconsin- what was your reaction to it and to the Rock Festival scene?

TOM: We dug Poynette, in part, but the same things that were wrong at Poynette are a part of the Rock Festival scene everywhere. The shows are not programmed - there's no variety to the bill that's offered. Festivals don't have to be fifteen bands- each of which is exactly alike- they can be put together with the idea of variety. For example, put on a Country group after a hard rock group, and then follow that up with a jug band or a blues group. Part of the problem is that the promoters don't know the kind of music that the bands they book play- and they have no idea of a running order- so that audiences are bombarded with the same stuff for fifteen hours or whatever. Try this simple test- put on one of the hundred and fifty acid-rock bango groups' records and turn your record player up as high as it will go- play

irrelevant; the thing was, we had the kids there, in the NY Opera House, it was our night and it was the kids' night. That's good, no one can deny it. Rolling Stone gets a fuckin' 56-year old Fuckin' Daily New York Post writer to review the show! He wrote the same article for that paper, and he's 56 years old! I don't know that part of Rock n Roll man, that's not my scene.

SEED: I'm interested in what you thought of Rolling Stone's review of the new album. I thought it was a good fucking album....

ROGER: I dug it — it was one show, and there it is. It was one shot, and that's no bullshit. Some people said it sounds like Zeppelin, but I could play you our first record, that we made six years ago, and we sound even more like Zeppelin then. So what do you do?...

SEED: How'd you feel about Woodstock?

ROGER: Oh, I didn't dig playing it, man. You got into the same scene. There were so many people. I'd like to have been there and not have to work. When I go on stage I want to give everyone the best I can give them. And at Woodstock, because of facilities and bullshit and a lot of hassles that went on backstage, we were prevented from doing that. That's where I personally didn't dig it.

SEED: Do you still tour in England?

ROGER: We still play all the time. That's one thing we don't want to get off of, is playing. I think that the Who now is sort of "up there", we've made it. And most groups who make it they just drop out, at least for a year or so. To me there must be a number that's bigger than number one. There must be a way of getting about this point which no groups ever got before. Even the Beatles haven't done it. There must be something above that and I'm sure if anyone can find it, we will...

SEED: Yeah, the band has a lot of power over an audience. Is there anything to it or do you just sort of look for signs from the crowd?

ROGER: Because you go through it every night, you know what they're going through. You go through it with them. It's a complete total thing with the audience. We give the audience what they give us and it's like a complete backwards and forwards all the time. I think that's what we create. The groups are only as good as the crowds.

SEED: What do you think about pop music and the business thing generally? Or is it the pop music biz?

ROGER: Machine —

the record for fifteen hours-at the same volume - and you can spare yourself the trouble of going to most rock festivals, plus save twenty to thirty bucks in the process.

SEED: O.K. so what do you do to improve on Rock shows generally?

ANDY: You educate the booking people and the promoters- toward a more balanced bill; toward putting on groups that aren't even usually associated with rock- but which influence it- like a bluegrass group or a blues sing-



WARREN: You can also hope that the people will get hip to the incredible amounts of money that non-local shock groups can command. This hurts the local bands; rips off the people; and makes it almost impossible for a peoples music to exist and grow.

SEED: Eugenie, as Warren's wife, what do you feel about the band?

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SEED: About the machine, right.

ROGER: We actually have nothing to do with it.

SEED: What happens with you guys. I mean, you're getting to the point now where, as you say, you've "made it". But what do you do in terms of your relationships with a record company. Do you see those people trying to fuck over you?

ROGER: We've had hassles with record companies since we....I mean Decca, man... We just go on and make our music and just kicking 'em up the ass when they need to be kicked up the ass. And we're now in a position to kick them a bit harder than we was a year ago. Next year we'll probably be in a position to cut their fuckin' heads off. I mean, we're really not interested in it and that's a part of business we'd really prefer to have nothing to do with.

SEED: Are there any American groups on the scene right now that you guys, that you specifically like?

ROGER: There's one group I really like; that's Mountain. They really got a good outlook about what they're doing, they're nice and fresh. I really like Creedence too. Yeah, cause they're at the other end of the stick. They just go on and they do the fun part of rock, which always needs to be there. And they don't kid anybody about it; fuck it, if you like it you like it — I really dig 'em. And the Band, they're me favorite of all. Even though their music is different, I think they get the same feeling we do on stage.

SEED: Their stage show is different to watch...

ROGER: I haven't seen 'em. They've got the presence to carry it. Groups that can do nothing and get away with it, and they're one of them.

SEED: It's well known about the Beatles breaking up. I think you've been together longer than the Beatles or at least just as long.

ROGER: About as long. Yeah, the Beatles have been broken up for years.

SEED: Why do you think it is that you guys managed to hang together while a lot of the other groups have fallen apart?

ROGER: We really dig each other, for one, really a lot, you know. Like, it's incredible. Back in the days of the Marquis Club, we were like hammer and tongs, we'd beat each other up every night.

SEED: Were those early crowds at clubs like the Marquis tough crowds to play to? If you fucked up, did they really come down on you?

ROGER: Oh yeah, sure. It was really strange. Pete was into feedback then — Pete then was exactly the same as Hendrix at Monterey. It sounds strange to say, but it's true. The people who heard him then just couldn't believe what was going on. The atmosphere was so incredible; Pete would be banging his guitar on amps and getting all kinds of feedback — nobody'd ever heard of feedback then. You'll never get that sort of atmosphere again, because so much has been done since then.

SEED: Did you guys ever get a really violent or hostile reaction from the crowds?

ROGER: No crowd has ever turned on us, which is really amazing cause we're such a horrible bunch of cunts. I don't know, it's just that the atmosphere is sort of "bring it out". I mean, we don't say "bring it out", but by the time we come off after our set, you couldn't say "Boo" to a goose, Y'know. I think that's the secret, people should stand on streetcorners and scream their heads off for an hour a day.

SEED: How do people in England react to the war? Would you say that most people in England are down on Americans because of the war?

ROGER: They're very much against the war but they're not just down on Americans; it's nothing personal against them. The Kent State thing really shook England up. I couldn't believe it; if I could've burned the bloody embassy in London down to the ground that very day, I would've done it. But you can never do it, y'know, and what's the sense of doing it if you can't do it properly? But there's a very anti-American feeling in England because of the war.

I think the Communist scene is going to take over in England and the communal thing. Communists included. The communal thing has got to win over in the end, with so many people that there will have to be a world government. It's just got to be.

SEED: Do you see any way that you or the group can have anything to do with changing things like that? Like with Tommy?

ROGER: Oh sure, man. I think Tommy done a lot. Maybe it was overrated, but it gave quite a lot of people an identity. We wanted it to be like a rock opera, but the meanings that have come out of it are what everyone makes of it themselves.

At this point, WHO guitarist Peter Townshend entered the room. He was persuaded by the silver-tongued Seed interviewers to remain to answer some questions. The rest of the interview is with him.

SEED: You seem to have an approach toward the pop culture; sort of directed toward the cyclical nature of the pop mentality...

PETE: It does tend to go round and round. I don't like to talk about the day that rock is going to stop being rock, because I don't think there's ever gonna be that day. I mean the Who have never accepted it and never will. The reason that were still banging it out today is that we've been banging it out together for about the last seven years.

SEED: That comes across very clearly in your act.

PETE: People always like to proclaim the day that the King is dead, but you can only say the King is dead when you can also say Long Live the King, when there's something to replace it. Like the Beatles are dead when there's a replacement for the Beatles, and at the moment I feel there's nothing else that reflects the feeling of the time.

SEED: Well, the Beatles certainly reflect the time, but then, so does Abbie Hoffman.

PETE: That I disagree with, because I think that Abbie feels that one should be an instigator of action.

SEED: Well, there's a similarity with the Who in the orientation toward energy, the potency of your actions, it's just that his orientation is political....

PETE: But if we did what he did, then we'd lose our potency.

SEED: Your act seems to show a certain theatricality. I mean, you have your own light man, so that the lighting plays up your individual theatrics.

PETE: We're super-perfectionists in that we try to get the most out of the situation, for example, in today's performance, Roger was incredibly unhappy because he didn't feel that everything was perfect but at the same time, it didn't get to the point where his personal feelings overweighed what his feelings toward the audience were. In other words, there wasn't one point where the audience was sacrificed. If rock is going to be a reflection of what the audience feels, then theater has got to be a way of getting that reflection clearly over to them. In other words, they're sitting there waiting to have their ideas illustrated, to have their words spoken, in a way. They are waiting to have their fight fought, and the better you can play, the better the battle is. So at the end of a gig you've been really far out, they've gone out and won the war, and they've gone out better men because they're victorious. If you lose the battle and if the gig is crap, and the sound is crap and the band is

putting out bad vibes and no one's happy, then the kids walk out and the battle's lost. Rock is still, even at this time when it's so confused and so divided, it's still the most effective way of getting people's vibes out. Music! It stimulates the mind in such a way that it can take you through lifetimes of experience in an hour.

SEED: Why did you dedicate Tommy to Meher Baba?

PETE: We as a group aren't playing.....for Meher Baba. The reason there's a dedication to Meher Baba on the album is because I personally realized that Tommy was something that was spiritually oriented. The first Who stuff was physical, purely physical. Then the next stage was an intellectual thing, a mental thing. The next stage after that was a spiritual thing and this isn't just my trip. This is the fact that when the Who went on stage we thought that we were achieving something even though we held the same relationships.

Roger and I haven't changed for example. Roger's one kind of person and I'm another kind of person, but we communicate best, in a funny way, on a spiritual level. Least in a physical level. We don't fuck one another at night, we don't communicate very well when we talk to one another but spiritually we really get it on.

SEED: You seem to advocate that people free their own minds, come to grips with their individual problems.

PETE: That's what I think the Seeker is, is someone that looks for questions from within, rather than from without.

SEED: Isn't there also a way of getting at problems by dealing in groups of people?

PETE: Sure, but I truly believe that the ultimate aim of the individual is to unify. Not only his spiritual consciousness, his mental consciousness, his physical consciousness, but also to make society work.

SEED: Society as it exists in its present form?

PETE: Well, society exists as it is because it exists. I'm not ready to question the base of it. For all I know in a previous incarnation, I might have even instigated it, I'm not ready to tear apart the seams.

SEED: Have you seen a way that you or the band could bring about a specific change?

PETE: Absolutely not. I think the only way that we can make changes is by us working within our own unit. We can say, "We the Who, we're 4 individuals who are

different as Republican is to Democrat, as America is to Communist China. And all we are is men on the stage making good rock 'n roll, and if we can do it, then so can you. I think the only confrontation that's worth a damn is man-to-man confrontation.

SEED: In other words you're not going along with this idea of rock 'n roll as a social force?

PETE: I think that it's a social force in that it can indicate that people can do anything just so long as they say that they're gonna' do it. It's difficult to speak without condescending, it's difficult to talk as an Englishman without aimin' your words at the American nation. But I mean I feel as many faults in the American nation as a whole as I do in my own individual character and the reason why a group like the Who, why we enjoy doin' it so much is because it gives us so much to chew on. I mean we're not there because of money, we're not there because we're big stars and we get it off like that. We're there because we feel that there's so much to be done. And that people can use us in a way. It's the sandpaper with which to rub off the edges.

SEED: In other words, you're acting out, in a sense, the kind of cultural subconscious of the youth...

PETE: I think we're reflecting a lot...

SEED: Granted, you say rock music can bring people together and make them see something but isn't there a kind of environment that you could play in where that would come across better than playin' halls where people sit in their seats, separated from one another, unable to see anybody else, to feel the people around them...

PETE: Well the problem is, here we are, it's 1970 — I hate to bring it down to this level but this is the facts, it's 1970. We're a group who have spent may be the last 5 years of our lives gettin' deeply into debt. It's about time we started to climb out of it.

It doesn't seem quite fair that we are always judged in terms of money. After all, we get pieces of paper and we give flesh and blood to the audience. That sort of weighing things up against the dollar seems to go on solely in America.

SEED: But that's pretty much how it always works in a capitalist system....

PETE: Capitalism is the most imperfect, devious and impractical system ever devised, but it's caused the most action... explosion, the most realistic evaluation of human problems. I wish it were possible for that to happen in a non-capitalist society... I doubt it though.

SEED: Speaking of dealing with the capitalists, you've apparently had your share of troubles dealing with your record company.

PETE: We've been working against our record company for years now. When we signed with Decca — well they were Bing Crosby's label, you know, 50-million sellers like White Christmas. They didn't really want the Who, we were really at the bottom of their list.

We started playing just out of college, playing other people's music. Even then, we thought we were god's gift. Every group has to believe they're the best, or they can't go on playing. When we started out at a club on the West End, we used to go around the neighborhood giving away tickets and we couldn't find enough people to take them. The whole scene in West End changed within about 2 months as far as Tuesday night was concerned. You see, there was something going on every night but Tuesday, so we managed to get a regular gig. The clubowner told us we had 4 weeks to start drawing people or else he'd go back to having Jamaican music on Tuesdays. It got so that I'd recruit all my friends from Art School, all of Roger's relations would be there, and all of Keith's friends from the factory where he worked would come.

SEED: What about the Who's reputation as being the first Mod group?

PETE: Well, we were the first of the Mod groups. In the beginning we depended so much on those Mod kids that we began to get like them.

ROGER: A lot of the early Mod stuff came from our manager. He was the one who pushed us into wearing Mod clothes, y'know, like Union Jack jackets.

PETE: Eric Clapton was an even bigger trendie than we ever were. He'd wear a different style of clothes every week, or he'd wear his hair curly one week, then straight down the next. One week he'd play the guitar very fast, then the next week he'd play ve-e-ery slowly. When you begin to reflect the public mood, and that mood grows weak, then you've got to turn around until you reflect the new mood. That way, the group doesn't grow weak as the trends do. Like we'd stand on stage and see the kids doing the new Mod dances, so we'd sort of study what they were doing and then WE'D start doing it...the dances they'd just started doing THAT DAY. They'd look at us and say "WOW, the Who already have it together", and we'd just stolen it from them.

SEED: How'd you eventually find your own style.

PETE: Mostly from Blues and Motown. We were into Howlin' Wolf, Little Walter, people like that, just as the Stones and the Yardbirds were. It was weird, one night we'd be playing Chicago blues, the next, we'd play "Can't Buy Me Love" — I didn't know which way to turn. A lot changed when Keith joined the group; he really shook us up. We'd never had a drummer before — It gave us an opportunity to find our own stuff.

Like "I Can't Explain" — it was a direct crib from "You Really Got Me". Then I got hold of a 12-string Rickenbacker, and the second taping sounded a little less like it. Then we got some really sharp backing singers and it really began to sound good.

SEED: Roger said before that you were really against having Tommy become a double-album. Why were you trying to keep it to one record?

PETE: The two-album "package" is so much against what rock is all about — throwing an album onto the player and just listening. We tried and tried to keep it to one record, but we just couldn't make it make sense on one album. So, we had to start writing more material. Some of the material on the album was nothing more than padding, and to me, it's really obvious what the padding was. For example, the Underture was pure padding. That was actually the Overture to Rael, another opera I'd written years before. You see, you can't really pack the cuts on an album too tight without losing some of the range. The new Dylan album, for example, has 15 minutes or so on a side. That makes for a "tough" sound, with complete dynamic range.

SEED: Have many of your songs been copped from other things you've done, or other things other people have done?

PETE: Well sure, everyone cops some stuff, you can't help it if you listen to other people's music. The Stones song, Last Time? That was originally written years back by the Staple Singers. They protested in court, and they lost. I wrote Happy Jack right after I heard Eleanor Rigby for the first time, and Substitute came directly from hearing the Stones do 19th Nervous Breakdown. You can't avoid being influenced by other people's music....

....This remark was followed by a seemingly endless series of 4 a.m. yawns, prompting us to pack up our tent and split into the night.



THE BEGINNING

I started fucking when I was 16. I'd spent the whole night with the guy (my parents had left for a vacation and I was supposed to stay with a girlfriend's family but told my parents I'd go there in the morning)—anyhow, we were only going to "sleep" together. And even that was the climax of months of reluctantly raised limits: "Okay, you can touch my breasts, but only from the outside. Okay, you can touch my thigh, but not above where the leg quites—to Okay, you can TOUCH me with your penis—to Okay, you can put the rest of the head in, but no more." The idea was to stay a "virgin" as long as possible. Uh huh. So there we were in bed, toward morning. The guy loved me abjectly, I trusted him, we'd been petting and holding all night in a secret delighted burst of freedom from external supervision. And there we were—I was half-lying above him, with the tip of his penis inside me, and then a reckless "Why not? You don't want to be a virgin ALL your life," and with that I slide down around him. Oooh (and no, I DIDN'T feel any different which felt funny in itself.) But even then there was a reservation. Michael, don't come. You've gotta be careful not to come. Partly that was fear of pregnancy and the degradation that meant, but partly, inescapably, it was a feeling that if he didn't come inside me I was still SORT OF a virgin. I was still saving SOMETHING for marriage. Within a half-hour I felt a local sensation at my genitals—clitorally centered, if I remember—which I wasn't prepared for. In the initial fear I thought No, this can't happen, if I lose control, HE'LL lose control! But the sensation came on, and I fought and struggled, pushed him away. No! No! I want to stress that I couldn't just MAKE the decision and get wholeheartedly into the act. I couldn't abstain (that would have been silly from any point of view) but I couldn't just relax and enjoy it. A half hour later, somewhat reconciled and somewhat surer of Michael's control, I said "That was a good feeling, Michael. Make that feeling come back. But by then my superego was more in control and he couldn't."

In the next few years, I had quite a few sexual experiences, most of them bad. Many times I slept with people simply because they pressed me so hard it was easier to accede; sometimes because after a while I

on the way back. With the desperate hope that he could do the same for her. Cunt. So that killed both of those for awhile, and the thing wasn't catching: nobody else could duplicate him.

Three years later the situation recurred: this time with an ex-Angel film student, an enormous blond god, outside Viking, inside Christian Scientist. We went to a party and danced, and he was wearing a decadent full-sleeved burgundy velvet shirt with silver chains and a black leather jacket: the best of both fantasy worlds. That night he told me his girlfriend who'd been crippled in a motorcycle accident was well enough to leave her to leave her parents' house, and although he loved me (he'd never said that before) he was going to live with her because she needed him more. I cried, happy and sad (and a little relieved) and we went to bed and I came again. He left in the morning and within an hour I had a motorcycle accident that crushed my left leg. Okay.

THE SHRINK

A year after the accident, just recently, I started to go to a behavioral shrink. He's basically a Marxist, I know that from the people who recommended him to me, but I don't know what he does about if. I complained about my frigidity (awful word) and he said "Lots of women don't reach orgasm. They make love anyway and enjoy it, and it just doesn't bother them that much." I told him it DID bother me. So he said if I really wanted to put my energies into it, there were a couple of approaches that would (he said WOULD) work. First, I could simply refuse to do anything sexual until I really felt like it. And if I quit feeling like it in the middle, I should quit doing it. That was one way. But I KNEW I couldn't do that: I could see me, in the middle of fucking somebody, saying "Hey, I don't dig it" and rolling out of bed. That, I thought, would hurt him or offend him, and I wasn't that strong. Okay, says shrink, there's another way, but you've got to have someone you've really comfortable with. What you do is, you masturbate to the point of orgasm, then when you reach the point where you know it's going to happen, THEN QUICKLY he puts his penis inside you. Pretty soon you associate penises with coming, and

tribution. I asked him, and when he figured out what I what I was asking, he confirmed that he couldn't see women as anything but people, that he liked working with our group (all women) better than with the non-dance light show because we had fresher ideas; that he'd tried to get two good women ("heavy chicks") to work with the lights but it'd been impossible because the guys couldn't work with them: they either ignored what the women projected onto the screen or obliterated it with stronger patterns. They weren't looking for it to be good. So a couple of days later I explained Plans I and II to him—feeling queasy. He said he didn't like Plan I (which involved initial abstinence) but was quite willing to try Plan II if I wanted. But then I never got around to saying "This time let's do it." There wasn't enough time, or maybe we'd've not made love in several days and just wanted it to be spontaneous. (Let me just describe the guy: stone freak, mostly apolitical, very gentle, affectionate to everybody. UTTERLY relaxed, NO hostility. Or very little. Not no hostility as in a doormat, but no hostility because he doesn't do anything he doesn't want to do so he's got no cause to resent anybody. He does lots of things for people, so they dig him and respect it when there's something he won't do. Anyhow, far-out guy.) So we were fucking lazily one night, and I was off and on being conscious that if a movement felt good I really ought to do it more; and off and on I WAS doing it more. Because I wasn't afraid of scaring or offending Bob (he has so few rules) I didn't hesitate—well, only a little—to push his knee up against my clitoris—the top of his thigh, that is—and move it back when he moved it away, something I'd never done before. I'd made little suggestions before, but if the guy didn't pick up on the cue—and they usually didn't—I let it drop. Didn't want to come on unladylike. But what's "ladylike" but laughable with someone like Bob? So I ground myself against his leg like he and all the other guys rubbed their penises against my belly—why should they get all the stimulation and not I, just because my

..



JUST LIKE

knew how to be good at it and knew I could pussy-whip or at least impress them; sometimes because I wasn't very comfortable just talking and that gave us a nice structure I knew I could handle; sometimes because I wanted to make them like me and couldn't think of anything else I had to offer, sometimes because it seemed like (and maybe was) a short-cut to closeness with somebody and I needed closeness very much. But there were no orgasms except when I masturbated, which I finally learned to do two years after I started fucking. After awhile I began to notice that I wasn't getting wet any more and that guys were noticing it, which killed the whole game: I was not free nor "loving" nor flattering if I wasn't digging it. My deception showed. Worrying about THAT made it even worse—took my mind even further from digging it. There was nothing I could do about it except, in the dark, fearful, trying to wet my genitals with a finger of saliva before he touched me.

Seven years later I met a beautiful, generous young man. He was tall and wholesome looking and he didn't come on to me the first night, and the second night

while I was at the library he cleaned all of a new half-key for me and rolled twenty neat, round joints for me just to be nice. And he was big and strong and scarred, made movies, stole cars while they were being imported, and carried a gun. Jesus! Sexually, he was deft, powerful, compelling; I felt somehow like I was being raped by someone who loved me and was Roy Rogers and the bogey-man all in one. And, my shoulders sliding off the bed under his impace, overwhelmed, I couldn't help coming. When I told him what had happened, he said thoughtfully "That's funny. Other girls have said that too. I think there's a trick to it, inside you; I think there's a mechanism. Do you think you've got it down?"

God, he was nice. A sheep in sadist's clothing, and I thought I did have it down and told a couple of girlfriends that I used to not be able to come but now I could. They looked at me funny, said they hadn't even known I had the problem, that it was good that it had gone away and the guy must be a great fuck. A couple weeks later I spent the week-end with him and my best girlfriend and a new guy of hers came along. Half-way through the weekend she got rid of the new guy, talked Wholesome into taking her along on a business thing so she could see some friends in the area, and seduced him

you'll get to the point where after a little manual stimulation you'll be able to come with just a penis. No, says me, I don't WANT to need ANY manual stimulation. Foo, says he, ALL women need SOME manual stimulation. Just do it. As homework he assigned me to masturbate every night, being very conscious of the sensations, until I could tell just exactly when I reached the point where orgasm, though not begun, was certain. So I worked on that, but despite what I'd swaggeringly told him there was not anyone then that I spent enough time in bed with to make the plan work. So I just filled up my time—dance lessons, acting classes, work, meditating (don't knock it), women's lib, other politics.

MUSIC

I joined a dance group that was working with a light show. One of the guys from the light show also played recorder. He suggested I bring my recorder next time and if I thought musically like he did we could maybe add something to the group. I don't consider myself a musician but I brought it, and unworried by the people in the group (the dancers were all women, and for some reason I'd gotten comfortable enough not to be afraid of making an ass out of myself in front of them) and stimulated by the weird lights we did an amazing number with the music. A couple nights later we got together to play music, to get our heads more together on it. Inevitably I started acting cute and rubbing against his beard and we ended up in bed. I sort of dug it, but it was pretty ordinary, and I didn't know how to act with him when we weren't fucking: I could feel comfortable only during it. So the result was that whenever we got together to make music we ended up fucking because otherwise I felt awkward. Then one night he said a bunch of people were getting together to make a woodwind tape for the light show and would I help out? He took me home afterward but couldn't stay because he had to go back and put out a mailing. After it sank in, this blew my mind: he asked me to help with the music, although my technique was clumsy, because he liked my musical ideas; and he didn't ask me to help with the mailing, women's work if there ever was: and he didn't want to sleep with me that night as much as he wanted to put out a mailing: he wanted me there for my musical con-

belly happens to be right in front of their cock and their belly doesn't happen to be handy to my clitoris? Stimulating the clitoris, by hand or knee or top-of-thigh is the SAME GODDAM THING as rubbing a penis against somebody, it's just less convenient, which results in the woman, who needs more stimulation because of her unfortunate training and maybe because of physiological differences, getting LESS stimulation. Hoooh! And any stimulation she does get, because it involves more than just general writhing, seems like such a big favor to ask. Why can't you do it just fucking? But the guy doesn't even do it just fucking, he gets a lot of rubbing outside before the actual fucking part even begins. He's already ready, and the poor woman, who needs a head start, starts from 'way behind. Anyhow, because I knew it wouldn't turn Bob off, and because he kept saying he wished I found it as pleasurable as he did, I kept pushing his knee between my legs 'til he caught on, meanwhile feeling ashamed about it still, a little presumptuous (Jesus Christ). But I was beginning at least to LIKE fucking and look forward to it, and to get involved in making it feel better for me, even though we weren't following Plan II yet because I (it wasn't his responsibility) was afraid to say "Okay, let's do it." Then, probably days later I don't remember, after I'd had some practice tuning in to what felt good and doing it more, we found a position that felt good: from missionary style I slid my right leg under his left one and pushed it aside, so that his penis and right leg were between my legs and his pubic bone was pushing right against my clitoris as we fucked. Although he didn't seem to dig it all that much, I persisted, and soon without fanfare, Plan nor sadism, I started coming. I was pretty startled and the next few days (he was staying with me almost every night now) I paid real close attention to what my body felt like inside—and gritting my teeth with mean determination and with fear it wouldn't happen—and with growing but incomplete confidence that Bob would keep moving for me even if he came first—I got it down so I could come almost every time we made love, after about a half hour. But I was so conscious of it, so forcing myself that it was a fizzle. Sometimes I'd have to do impersonal fantasies



(I wasn't fucking, I was masturbating or fucking a machine or rubbing against a pole) and always I was so nervous, fearing that it wouldn't happen, that when it did I was crouched in a mental corner watching it suspiciously, which kept me pretty uninvolved. Then one night, after not making love for several days, we got really stoned (I hadn't gotten stoned in a year because my head'd been in such a bad place) and went to a movie with some friends. It was a loose evening, with none of the emotional intensity that I usually associated with Bob. When we came home I was tired and relaxed and I didn't have the energy to push myself, I just sort of lay there and the orgasm welled up and spread to my whole body and head; the second time was even better. Since then I haven't had to be stoned, haven't needed or wanted any manual stimulation (his fingers are hard and rough or I might've), I can pretty much count on coming, and if I don't it's no big deal. I'll catch him next time. If he comes first he manages to stay inside me and keep moving until I come. He can't stay hard, but that doesn't seem to matter—the vaginal contact and clitoral stimulation seem to matter—the vaginal contact and clitoral stimulation seem to be the thing.

So far it hasn't spread to anybody else.

ANALYSIS

It seems, from what I can figure out, that there are maybe three major personal-historical factors in the way of our enjoying sex, three separate things that have to be overcome. First is the one we all know, the morality thing, the feeling that sex is degrading and we are being both evil and exploited ("had") if we do it. This is important. I notice that what immediately precedes my orgasm is a feeling of really WANTING the penis (and the person): Begging for it to be deeper inside me, sucking at it, wanting it to ejaculate. This corresponds with what a couple of guys have told me, that just before THEY come they want to plunge impossibly deep inside me, want to bury themselves. This WANTING seems to be a big part of what makes me come—a head trip. But

It's thinking that guys are so fucking fragile, that they'll be destroyed at the first hint that they're not god incarnate in bed (this is why Bob's lack of ego helped me so much). Maybe this is true for some of them, but for most it's not. And for the others, why not let them face the truth and deal with it, rather than cushioning their fantastic potency balloons from the pins of reality. Who the fuck are THEY to be coddled like that? And it's, if you think about it, not REALLY very respectful to them or us.

Point: Eleven frustrated years, much fear, much fear, cringing, bitterness, resignation, wiped out as soon as I started taking steps to change it. EVEN THOUGH AT FIRST I DIDN'T BELIEVE THE STEPS WOULD WORK. But this requires a little thought: How could I suddenly "decide" to do something about a situation I'd been afraid to deal with for years? It's pretty clear to me that I feared no hostility from Bob, and that I was able to take the first tentative steps at asserting myself only because I knew he wanted me to. I knew that if he "disapproved" of something I said or did he would say so, not assuming he was right but only questioning, rather than saving up resentment, because he had it together and wasn't out to prove his masculinity at somebody else's expense. And I think, once I had a taste of what it's like to occupy a whole person's worth of space it was hard to go back to being servile. No amount of being patted on the head compensates. Prescription, then, is to find a highly supportive environment to "practice" being assertive in, and then once you've begun and see that it works and that IT ISN'T OFFENSIVE, you can extend the assertiveness to more and more threatening situations, without even bothering to be hostile yourself (except in the VERY rare cases where it's necessary), just claiming it as a natural right. Bear in mind that assertiveness doesn't mean aggressiveness. Assertiveness is simply communicating where you're at, what YOU want—not demanding it at the expense of what other people want. For example, when a bunch of us went out for

dinner and somebody suggested a restaurant I didn't want to go to, I was afraid to say so. Ditto with movies. Then almost by accident I suggested a couple and discovered that people were glad to get suggestions: and I was around when people vetoed restaurants that the rest of us wanted to go to, and nobody seemed to dislike them for it.

Another prescription I picked up from a girlfriend with the same problem: She said she couldn't be assertive around men 'til she started going out with a guy who was physically palatable but a businessman type, boring and shallow. Suddenly she didn't give a damn if he approved, her disregard for him as a person outweighed her fear of him as a male authority symbol, and she bloomed.

Sure it's a damn shame that she and I couldn't take our place as full human beings unless we were with people who were for some reason "safe". But we couldn't. If you can say "Damn it you fuckers, you've held me down long enough. From now on I'm going to take up full space and if you don't like it, just go someplace else."—more power to you. But if, like me, you're too oppressed to do that, you can make it easier on yourself by doctoring your environment to cut down on the opposition—climbing hills before trying mountains, etc. There is more than one road to. . . which reminds me of the contempt a lot of self-styled revolutionaries have for women who "confuse freedom with an orgasm rather than with a socialist revolution." Dumb asses. We're not going to be best at combatting other oppression, however we interpret it, until we can assert ourselves effectively as active, capable, deserving human beings—and the inability to make love with abandon, for ourselves is a symptom of that unassertiveness (fear) which is then turned around to make us feel crippled, insufficient, at fault, undeserving. If we can overthrow THAT burden, defeat that maiming effect the all pervasive System has on us, shuck THAT weight of guilt and sniveling, we can do a lot more.

COME TOGETHER

Re-reading this letter I see a misleading emphasis on the fact that after much cooperation and experimenting I did manage to figure out how to come without MANUAL stimulation of the clitoris—but although coming "no hands" is groovy, the main point is feeling free to find out what you like best sexually and getting the guy to do it gladly. And freedom is hard to come by. Anyhow, you out there, we're all in this together, we've got the same shit end of the same shtick, we have to share our problems and solutions and this is my offering for now.

from a venice sister

A WOMAN "



ON THE PREVENTION OF LOVE

Love is a very hard thing to prevent. I've often tried and for a while it works. Like sometimes I address the whole bullshit Male world and tell them one and all I'm sick and tired of your bullshit. All the bullshit you've shoved up my ears (the bullshit things I've had to listen to) That you've shoved up my mouth (the bullshit things you've made me say) And up my ass and up my snatch (the bullshit way you've made me earn my living - every housewife is a whore) Your bullshit governments, your bullshit wars, Your bullshit laws, your bullshit churches And your bullshit anti-nature, Anti-woman, anti-anything-that's-soft. And-warm-and-free, much-vaunted civilization. Hardness. Steel, chrome, glass, cement, concrete... Fuck anything that's soft. Hard is the way to be.

Hard like the jaws and eyes of your judges, your cops, Your storekeepers, executives, administrators. Hard. Hard cash, hard knocks, hard times, hard faces. Bullshit. If flesh and blood were available who would want your Transistorized, computerized, cost-analyzed, cold, Metallic, oversized hard-on? No one in her right mind. Off the prick! Humanity, female, rises up rejecting Inhumanity, male. But there he stands. Just stands there. One specific male. Not doing any of these things. Looking at me. How can I hate him? How can I hate him one at a time? It doesn't work. He stands so simply, Owning nothing but his maleness, Claiming nothing, unless I want to give. Oh my God, my god. Anything, anything. Softness, hardness. Love is a hard thing. Love is a hard thing to prevent.

A.W.

BE FORCEFUL

A third hassle, too, ties in with the lack of assertiveness (for a thing on assertiveness and women, read A. Maslow's Dominance, Personality and Social Behavior in Women, in the Journal of Social Sciences, Oct. 1939).



BODY MECHANICS - 8

ABORTIONS

Abortion must be judged on the criteria of safety, effectiveness, availability and ease of administration. The four methods considered here are examined in this light, and at present are the only methods which pass the primary test of safety. Refer to the block on dangerous methods of abortion, and respond with a firm "fuck off" to anyone suggesting their use!

Basically the four methods of abortion are pills, shots, d. and c., and induced miscarriage. The safety and effectiveness of each depends on the stage of pregnancy.

1. Pills taken orally as a method of abortion are usually prescribed to be taken in a series, after conception, to induce normal menstrual flow.

The safety of pills depends on their content. Demand to know what is in any prescribed pills! If any of the drugs listed in the block below are being prescribed, leave the pills, and the bill in the doctor's office.

The effectiveness of the properly prescribed pills is good, in the first several weeks of suspected pregnancy. Pills may be available through sympathetic doctors. Administration is orally.

2. Injections may also be effective in inducing menstrual flow. Shots as a method of abortion are safe when prescribed and administered by qualified medical personnel. Always inquire about the contents of the injection. The injection is effective before the first period is missed, and may hasten a natural miscarriage.

Sources of injections are sympathetic physicians. Administration is direct injection, and may involve one or two injections.

3. The third possible method of abortion, and possibly the most well-known, is the d. and c., for dilation and curettage.

This method consists of a speculum being inserted in the vaginal canal to dilate it, similar to a pelvic exam. A series of progressively wider metal tubes are then inserted in the cervical canal, to dilate the walls. A curette is then used to scrape the walls of the uterus, thus loosening the placenta and the fetus from the uterine wall. The fetus and the placenta are then removed through the dilated cervical canal, with forceps, followed by a final scraping to make sure the uterus wall is clean.

Administration of a d. and c. takes from 10-30 minutes and does not require hospitalization. The upper limits for performing a d. and c. are from 12-16 weeks, depending on the relative size of the fetus, the skill of the physician, and the medical history and the cooperation of the woman.

D. and c.s are available through illegal and therefore complex channels of referrals, unless you are a wealthy Evanstonian. Suggestions of agencies to contact are below.

4. Beyond 12-16 weeks of pregnancy, the only possible method of abortion is an induced miscarriage. Miscarriage may be safely induced using one of three methods. The first involves the physician breaking the water bag and cutting the umbilical cord connecting the fetus and the placenta. The second involves injecting a saline solution into the water bag. The third involves introducing a tube (the catheter) through the vaginal and cervical canals into the uterus. It thus allows air to enter the uterus, aggravating the uterine cavity and causing passage of its contents.

Miscarriage may be induced by any one of these methods. All involve the woman going through the process of labor to expel the fetus and the placenta. Safety is comparable to child delivery involving similar possibilities of complications. With the catheter method, however, the chance of infections is sharply increased.

The safety of this method is usually considered in comparison with the safety of the mother during childbirth. In countries where abortion is legal, evidence shows that d. and c.s are much safer than full-term childbirth. Safety depends, of course, on the skill and experience of the physician. Check out their credentials first. There is no doubt with respect to the effectiveness of this method.

The effectiveness of the three methods vary. The first two are more effective; a catheter may be expelled before it has induced miscarriage. The time limits of these methods usually rest with the doctor's own feelings, but in general are done up to five or six months.

These methods of abortion are also available illegally, and therefore involve many channels. Administration of



Jane (Women's Liberation)..... 643-3844
Clergy Consultation Service..... 667-1095
Planned Parenthood..... 726-5134
Zero Population Growth..... 493-6326

In summary, abortion is usually safe when knowledge of the method and competence of the person administering it are available.

These abortions may cost a regular office fee for pills or shots, while d. and c. and induced miscarriages currently cost approximately \$500. Through referral agencies financial help may be available. Agencies which may refer people to competent counseling and physician services are:

Note that hospitalization is usually unnecessary. In case of medical complications though, pick a known liberal hospital, expect a lot of bullshit moralism, don't fill out unnecessary and incriminating hospital forms. From a legal standpoint, once an abortion is induced, any physician ethically must treat you and is not liable for prosecution. And no woman on whom an abortion has been performed has ever been prosecuted in Illinois.

ABORTION BOX

DANGER

NEVER USE METHODS DESCRIBED BELOW. THESE METHODS INVOLVE EXTREME PAIN AND CAN LEAD TO PERMANENT DISABILITY, INFECTION, OR DEATH:

Oral Means:

Ergot compounds overdose is poison - can cause fatal kidney damage
Quinine Sulphate - can cause deformities in fetus or death to mother
(Estrogen - useless)
(Castor oil - useless)

NOTHING THAT IS SWALLOWED CAN CAUSE ABORTION WITHOUT ALSO CAUSING DEATH OR SEVERE DISABILITY TO THE MOTHER

Solids inserted into uterus: DANGER DEADLY

Knitting needles	Catheters
Coat hangers	Gauze (packing)
Slippery Elm Bark	Artists Paintbrushes
Chopsticks	Curtain Rods
Ballpoint Pen	Telephone wire
Pastes	

COMMON DANGER OF PERFORATION (bursting) OF WOMB AND BLADDER - DEATH FROM INFECTION OR HEMORRHAGE

Fluids inserted into uterus:

For problem pregnancy counseling and physicians services, call Jane (Women's Liberation) - 643-3844.

Soap suds Alcohol Potassium Permanganate Lye
Lysol Pine Oil

SEVERE BURNING OF TISSUES - HEMORRAGE - SHOCK - DEATH

Air pumped into uterus:

COLLAPSE FROM GAS EMBOLI INTO THE BLOOD STREAM. SUDDEN VIOLENT DEATH.

Injections into Uterine Wall:

Ergot, Pitocin - poison
Sodium Pentothal - overdose causes death

Other Means:

Vacuum Cleaner - connected to uterus - not to be confused with vacuum aspiration (CAN ONLY BE DONE IN A HOSPITAL) - is fatal almost immediately - extracts uterus from pelvic cavity.

Physical exertion such as lifting heavy objects, running etc. is useless.

Falling down stairs - severe injury to mother but no abortion.

BUTCHER ABORTIONS ARE DEADLY - ONLY DOCTORS OR OTHER SPECIALLY TRAINED PERSONNEL CAN SAFELY USE ONE OF THE 4 METHODS OF ABORTION - ALL OTHER METHODS CAN CAUSE DEATH BUT RARELY INDUCE ABORTION.

If you have used on yourself or have allowed to be used, any of the above methods of abortion GO TO THE NEAREST HOSPITAL IMMEDIATELY. THERE IS NO LEGAL DANGER TO YOU.

For medical referrals, call Free City Exchange - 281-7197.

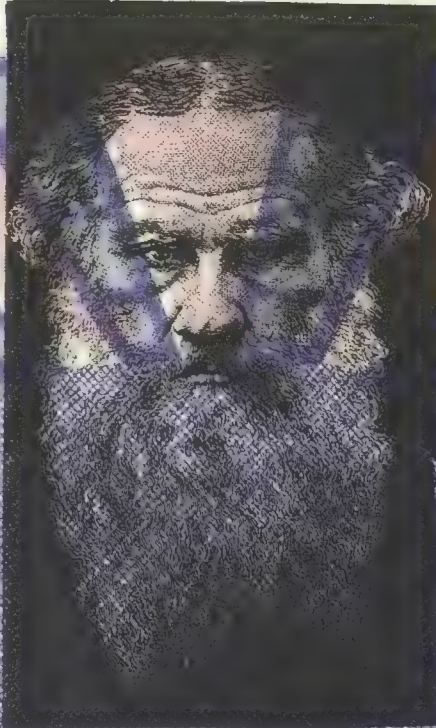


AUGUST

THIRD

EVERY SECOND
MONDAY NIGHT

WOBBLIE HALL
7:30 PM



COMMUNITY
EETING



we have the power use it by meeting together



confrontation



free city exchange

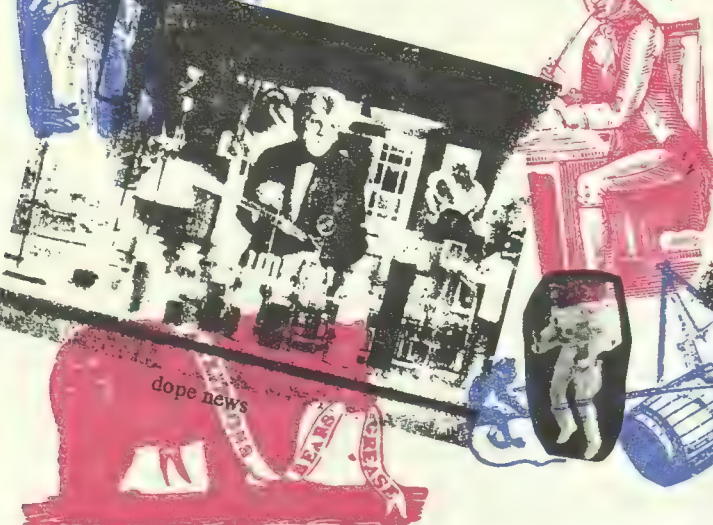


people's defense force



free city food

where is it sold?



dope news



free city food



community leaders

ecology

now
YOU BLOWN UP
can be

APOLITICAL INTELLECTUALS

One day
the apolitical
intellectuals
of my country
will be interrogated
by the simplest
of our people.

They will be asked
what they did
when their nation died out
slowly
like a sweet fire
small and alone.

No one will ask them
about their dress,
their long siestas
after lunch
no one will want to know
about their sterile combats
with "the idea
of the nothing."
No one will care about
their higher financial learning.
They won't be questioned
on Greek mythology
or regarding their self-disgust
when someone within them
begins to die
the coward's death.



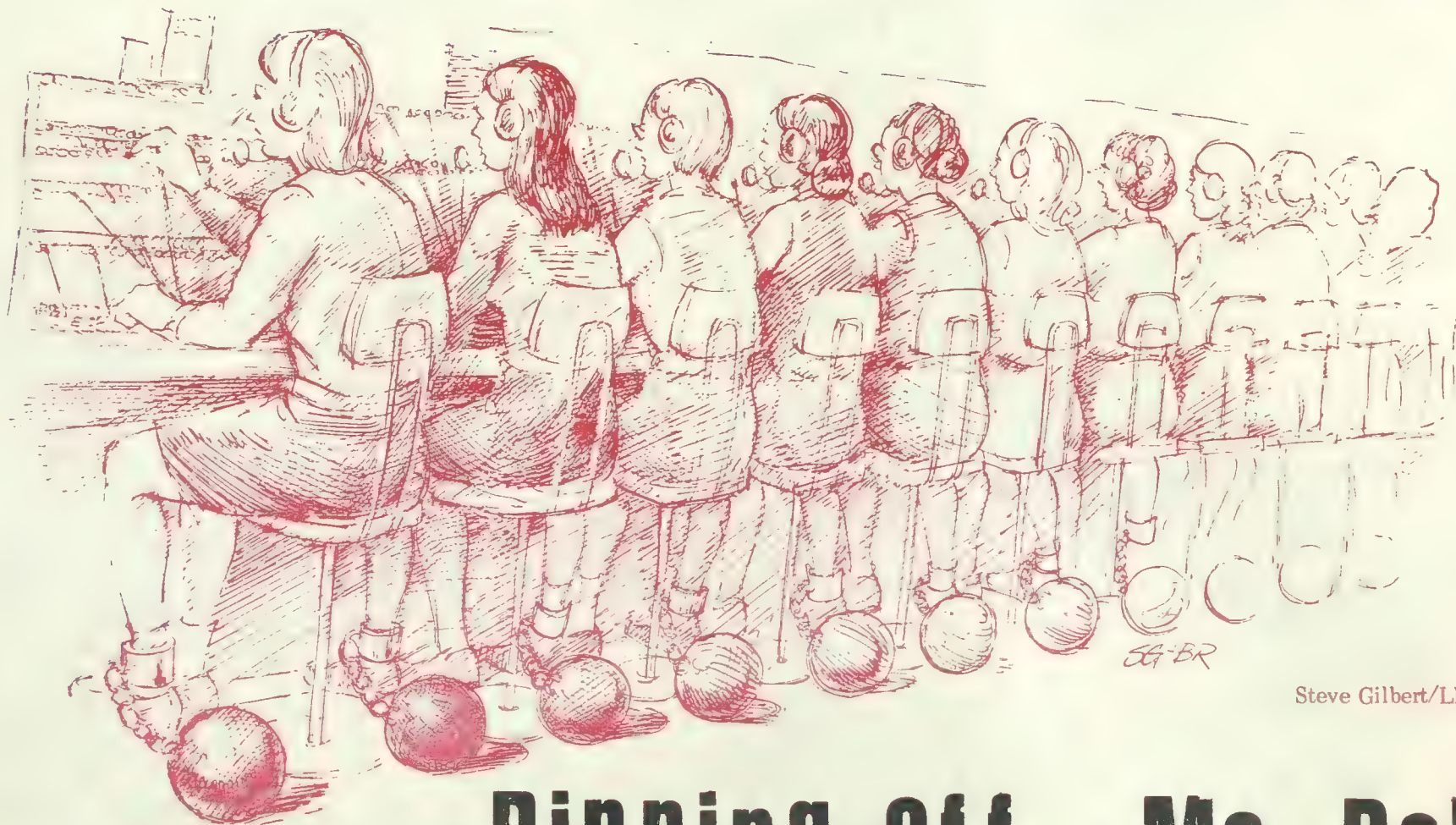


They'll be asked nothing
about their absurd
justifications
born in the shadow
of the total lie.

On that day
the simple folk will come,
those who had no place
in the books and poems
of the apolitical intellectuals
but daily delivered
their bread and milk,
their tortillas and eggs,
those who mended their clothes,
those who drove their cars,
who cared for their dogs and gardens
and worked for them.

And they'll ask:
"What did you do when the poor
suffered, when tenderness
and life
burned out in them?"

—from Otto Rene Castillo



Steve Gilbert/LNS

Ripping Off Ma Bell

(Man dials Operator)

may i help you?

YES, OPERATOR, I'D LIKE TO PLACE A LONG-DISTANCE CALL TO ZAP, NORTH DAKOTA, STATION-TO-STATION.

please deposit three dollars and 95 cents.

THREE DOLLARS AND 95 CENTS?

yes, sir, for the first three minutes, sir.

BUT OPERATOR, I'M CALLING MY GURU!

your guru, sir?

YES, OPERATOR, HE'S VERY SICK. AND I DON'T HAVE THAT KIND OF CHANGE.

perhaps you could place the call from your home phone, sir.

I DON'T HAVE A "HOME PHONE SIR."

would you care to reverse the charges?

THAT MIGHT KILL HIM!

oh, sir, don't you have a credit card?

A---CREDIT CARD?

yes, sir, with a credit card you could place the call at your employer's expense.

I COULD?

yes, sir. suppose for example you worked for playboy here in chicago. when the operator came on the line you would simply say, "operator, i wish to make a credit call. my credit card number is s-642-1000-097." and the call would go through without any further ado.

WHAT WAS THAT CODE AGAIN, OPERATOR?

s as in sabotage, 642-1000-097.

THANK YOU, AND YOU ARE OUT OF SERVICE. this is a recording?

IT'S NO USE, BABS, WE GOTCHA.

but how? . . . how?

WE'VE HAD OUR EYE ON YOU FOR A LONG TIME, BABS—FIRST IT WAS JUST A BIT OF GRASS IN THE LADIES' ROOM ON YOUR BREAKS—NOW IT'S THE BIG TIME, ISN'T IT, BABS? THE OLD STORY. YEAH, YEAH, YEAH.

all right, i don't care, i hate illinois bell! why do they get away with being a monopoly? why don't they lower their rates instead of printing all those glossy brochures to send out with the phone bills? who for god's sake needs a princess phone?

(Pulls gun on her) YOU'RE GOING TO THE BIG HOUSE, BABS, FOR A LONG, LONG STRETCH.

(Gives Man karate chop and runs into audience) ok, everybody, the phone code goes like this: the credit cards are renewed annually and s is the code for 1970. the second part can be any number in the chicago phone book. i just picked playboy because they're such a big company—they'll never notice a little extra padding on their phone bill. did you know that more than 10,000 false credit card calls were charged last year to the dow chemical company alone?

ALL RIGHT, BABS, ONE MORE WORD AND I'LL BLOW YOUR GODDAM HEAD OFF.

the last part, 097 is the city code of chicago. so the code is really s—any number in the chicago phone book—097. always call from a pay phone—and always call station-to-station.

ALL RIGHT, BABS, TAKE THAT (FIRES GUN AT HER). THESE GODDAM M-16S.

because that way even if they catch on, there's nothing they can do—if the person you call is cool and just denies receiving the call. it's a bug in the system—and brothers and sisters, they can afford it.

OK, BABS, IT'S ALL OVER. THERE'S ONLY ONE PROBLEM WITH YOUR LITTLE SCHEME. WHY TAKE IT OUT ON THE INNOCENT PUBLIC-SPIRITED COMPANIES LIKE HOTPOINT, REPUBLIC STEEL, INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER?

because they're imperialist lackey running dogs and we should screw them whenever we get the chance!

HEY, WAIT A MINUTE, YOU'RE NOT GONNA CLAIM TO BE ONE OF THOSE POLITICAL PRISONERS, ARE YOU?

sure, why not? in cuba the phones are free. all of them!

OK, BABS, SEEING AS HOW YOU HAVE ALL THESE WEIRD OPINIONS AND ALL, WE'RE GOING TO HAVE TO THROW THE BOOK AT YOU. (Takes out small book and throws it at her.) IT'LL BE A SWIFT AND SPEEDY TRIAL, SO LET'S PAY A LITTLE CALL ON THE JUDGE-O-MAT.

the what?

THE JUDGE-O-MAT—INSTANT JUSTICE! THE LATEST DEVICE IN THE WAR AGAINST CRIME AND OVERCROWDED COURTROOMS. LET'S TAKE A LITTLE MOSEY. (Operator and Man cross to puppet box.)

JUDGE: Order in the court! Charge, please!

MISDEMEANOR, YOUR HONOR-MAT.

J: Offense, please.

telephones, your honor-mat.

J: Oh, you must mean the old stamp dodge.

THE OLD STAMP DODGE, WHAT'S THAT?

the old stamp dodge—you know—not putting a six-cent stamp on your phone bill, so the phone company has to pay the postage.

OH NO, IT'S WORSE THAN THAT, SIR.

J: Then you mean the old spindle swindle.

THE OLD SPINDLE SWINDLE?

the old spindle swindle—that's punching an extra hole in your phone bill so the computers freak out. NO, YOUR HONOR-MAT, THIS IS CREDIT CARDS.

J: Oh—you mean the old S—any number in the Chicago phone book—dodge.

hey—you're hip to the phone code—you musta been talking to some of my friends.

J: Felony! Felony!

NO, NO IT'S A MISDEMEANOR, YOUR HONOR-MAT.

J: Talking is conspiracy; conspiracy to commit a misdemeanor is a felony. Please deposit an additional ten cents. (Man does so) Sentence—Six months suspended, three weeks Cook County Jail, one semester U. of Chicago. Lock her up.

fascist scum, your days are numbered!

OPERATOR OF JUDGE PUPPET: (emerging bare-faced) Come on, lady, I'm just trying to do my job!

(to tune of "Yellow Submarine," dancing) call your friends, it's just a dime/from chicago/on company time/ say my cre-e-e-dit card is s/ any nu-u-umber 097.

(in rhythm) YOU'RE UNDER ARREST.

BOTH (Dancing together chorus-line fashion): Call your friends on the People's Telephone, People's Telephone, Call your friends, (etc.). (Dance off.)

\$

— San Francisco Mime Troupe

Plastic Strawberries

"When the bust started and the police broke in, Margaret was crying. I had to hold her hand."—One member of Columbia SDS, speaking of another's reaction when Low Library was cleared.

"Because the revolution's here and you know that it's right."—Crosby, Stills, Nash and Young, part of the soundtrack of *The Strawberry Statement*.

Picture, if you can bear to, a scene in a pseudo-Low Library being occupied by some peculiarly straight-looking kids, with Jim Kunen (!) playing an SDS leader with the conviction born of having been at his particular version of the real show. Flash to a scene in a gym, with circle after circle of kids, their heads held down, singing Give Peace A Chance as the cops charge in. Then there's the love interest, which wasn't in the book, when Simon Simpleton (the semi-cipher who stands in for Kunen) meets little Linda radical. And James Simon Kunen gets it off, metaphorically speaking, with a little help from Hollywood. An incredible ripoff for all concerned. A ridiculous recasting of the strike events, Kunen's book, and Hollywood rehash, *The Strawberry Statement* is an insult to us all.

First of all, there's the problem of the change of locale. *The Strawberry Statement* was filmed in San Francisco rather than in Morningside, with all that implies about visual embroidery (like shots of the Golden Gate Bridge at sunrise, for instance. Columbia wouldn't give permission for the campus to be used (and no wonder), and the police may have denied the producers a permit for shooting on location as well. In any case, it takes considerable punch out of the movie to set it in North Beach rather than the Upper West Side, and to have the crewmen rowing around the Bay rather than the the grimy old Hudson.

The second hassle concerns the exploitation of the rock stars (such as Joni Mitchell, Buffy St. Marie and John Sebastian) and supergroups (principally and tendentiously CSN & Y) who dominate and populate the youth culture-oriented soundtrack. In a very superficial way, really, *The Strawberry Statement* is highly accurate about who was popular with rock freaks say, last fall. The real question is why the authors of a song like *Revolution* chose to allow themselves to be exploited by the producers of a movie which is about a nice safe student rebellion according to the industry's misconceptions, which stars kids who are obviously meant never to have a serious thought in their head (not to mention a radical one). I think it's obvious to assume that the profit motive was involved.

There's a scene where Simon comes into his apartment, turns on the radio, hears that Bobby Seale may be acquitted, and turns it off in order to hear Crosby, Stills, Nash and Young. This certainly shows where the producers think most of our minds are at, although it's possible that this action on Simon's part is meant to represent a subtle comment on his apolitical tendencies. But, given the obviousness of the rest of the film treatment, it's unlikely. The real tip-off is the use of Give Peace A Chance, which exploits the veneration in which the Bea-

ties are held, in the bust scene.

The tragedy is, of course, that millions of kids like Simon do exist, ready prey for ripping-off by the media, and all too prone to the kind of navel-gazing and narcissism indulged in by the characters in the movie. I don't know if they're the same sort of people as the liberal kids, like Kunen, who were radicalized by the events of the bust and the subsequent strike. I kind of doubt it because the kids portrayed in the movie are the members of a whole younger generation and essentially a post-Woodstock phenomenon. The trouble with kids of this kind is that half the time they do not even seem to know that they are being exploited, anymore than the character of Simon in the movie knows that certain rock promoters are exploiting him by trying to determine his tastes in music. In any case, his behaviour and the issues which supposedly drive him are so grossly oversimplified as to render any role conflict he may experience in the course of the occupation of the buildings totally irrelevant to the real situation.

Simon's hero is Bobby Kennedy (as distinct from Gene McCarthy in the book) which I suspect is another attempt to link him up with current culture heroes. Preferably martyrs rather than people who might conceivably provide some political punch, and preferably white moderates rather than, of course, black radicals. Furthermore, in the movie the whole gym issue, which to a large extent sparked off the sit-ins, is reduced to a squabble over a ROTC building to be built on a black children's playground. The conflict with the Harlem community illuminated clearly the university's insensitivity to the black people around it. The tension simply is not there in the few sequences we see on the subject, a crime compounded by the *Strawberry Statement's* almost total lack of a sense of unified locale. (The Butler Hall exterior sequences were filmed in front of the Stockton, California, City Hall. I'm not even sure where the other university locations were made, but it certainly wasn't in a place which gave any sense of a surrounding ghetto, or even of a nearby community.)

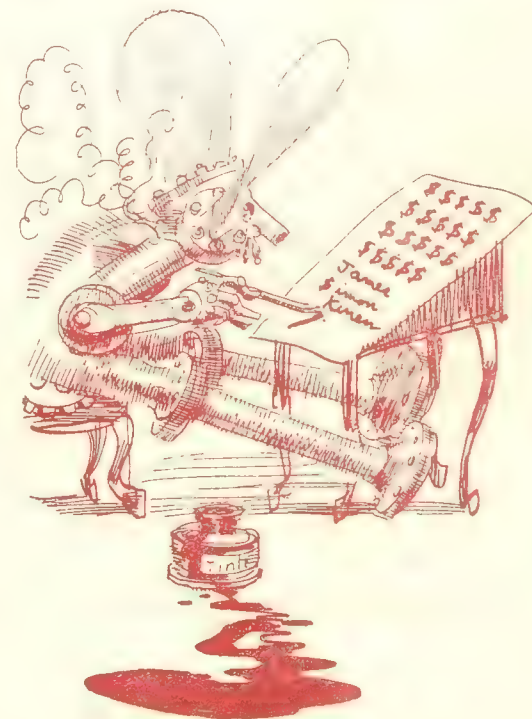
When the students try to block the ROTC building construction, they are shown pushing cops around and shoving them down slides, either of which actions would be grounds for arrest on several counts in an actual situation. Similarly, Simon at one point tells a policeman "You're a pile of shit" in his hearing. Considering that people have been busted for calling a cop a pig among themselves within earshot of one, it is as reprehensible as it is irresponsible to portray this as the considered action of a concerned student.

In addition to being an example of the misrepresentation of radical politics, *The Strawberry Statement* is also an atrociously put-together production. The camera-work is characterized by such visual horrors as many zoom-in-from-a-wide-angle-for-maximum-significance shots, as well as a taste for obvious imagery, as when the National Guardsmen come from behind a huge flag hung on a stage to bust people. The love interest includes an obligatory love-lost/love-found sequence (complete, in this case, with soppy music) obligatory in pulp romance and its predecessors since the genre was invented.

On the other hand, the film fails to depict accurately any of the reasons why people in and outside of the buildings might have been experiencing tensions and going through changes, during the week of the occupation. There are a few odd incidents in the movie which really occurred, but they're like real icing on a cake of

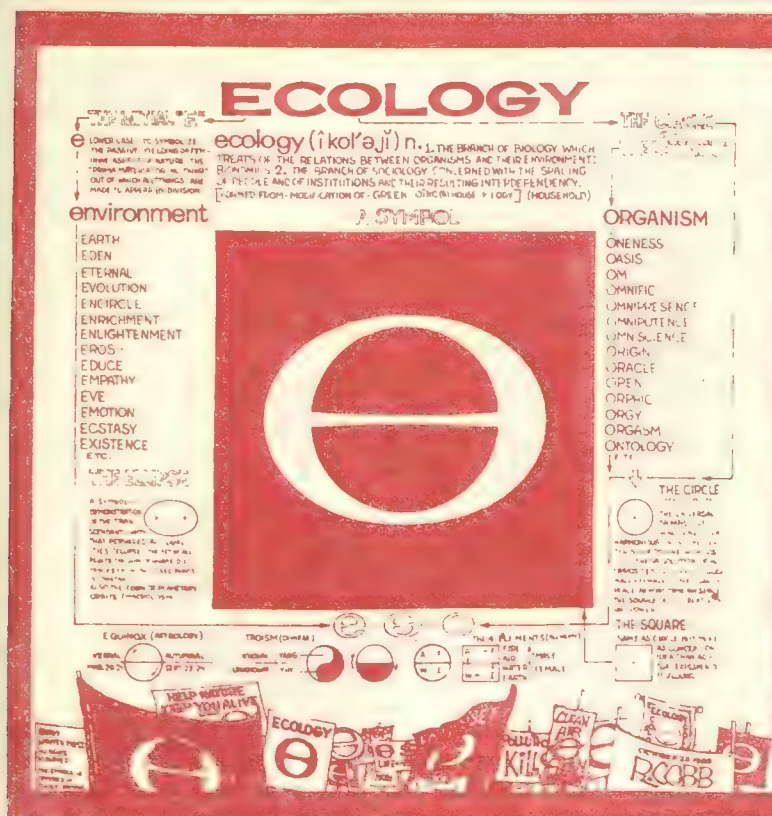
purest kitsch, even if they do include such freakouts as the fact that Simon James is an inversion of James Simon Kunen, a scene where a cop's horse almost tramples a student, and a vignette from the buildings where the kids smoke up all of Kirk's cigars. But none of the deeper contradictions are there, or really even hinted at, and having Simon shout "bullshit" during some heavy bureaucratic hassles is simply no substitute.

Most of the mildly funny lines which are put in the mouths of the students when they try to define how the occupation is affecting them turn out to be Kunen's, and they sound like what they were—throwaways composed under pressure by a budding author trying to be cute on consignment to New York magazine, where the book was originally serialized. The bust with which the movie closes has some gut-clutching moments, despite its petty impossibilities, (how can you sing when you're trying to protect your head?) but, considering the lack of character of the people in question, and the staginess of the maneuvers, it's difficult to get emotionally involved. Kunen claims that when he saw it is a public theatre, as distinct from a private screening, many of the high-school kids there, who presumably had not had to live through the real thing, seemed to react very strongly. That's OK, but I hope they, and, more importantly, their parents, don't think that all student radicals are like Simon James. Or James Simon Kunen.



Over and above all, the question is one of power—money power. I am appalled at the spectacle of a Columbia student who, having made quite a lot of money on a trivial and solipsistic book, then accepted a cameo part in the movie version of that same book, when he knew beforehand not only that the film would be execrable, but also that it would distort and exploit the issues for which he had fought. On my way out of the theatre, I asked the lady taking tickets if she had any idea whether Kunen would make any money from the movie version of *The Strawberry Statement*. "I don't know," she answered. "It's MGM's baby now."

— Alison Colbert
— Liberated Guardian



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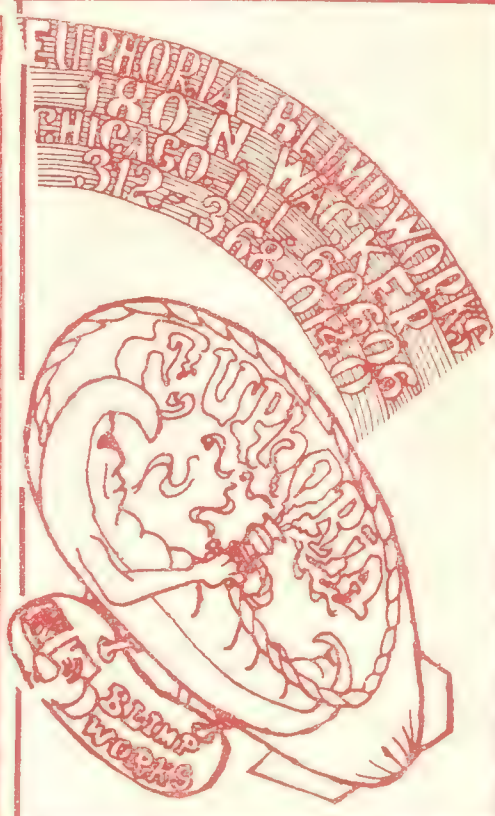
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Karbondale Communes Krushed

(but their soul goes marching on)



Once upon a time, there was a family of people down in Carbondale Illinois. It wasn't a mama and a papa and a baby or two. It was a family of 50 or so—women, men, children, even a dog and cat or so—who worked, and played, and made music together—and were learning to love each other very much. They got together back in 1968. By last August, they were comfortably set up on five communal farms, complete with vegetable gardens, bee hives, chickens and goats. They didn't have too many modern "conveniences", they didn't have an indoor toilet, and they had to rebuild their delapidated farm houses from the inside out.

Carbondale is, among other things, a big student center. But only two of all the fifty in the family had ever gone to the university there. Last October they started the Mr. Natural Food Store, to try to get some money together to buy land so they could all live together on one big farm. But after a while, it seemed more important to them that people eat good food—and it was hard to "put a money thing on it" so the store started to wholesale a lot and finally went non-profit—just making enough to replenish the food and pay the rent. To make up for it, they set up 20-30 bee hives, they dealt dope and they sold leather goods. Mostly they didn't mess with other peoples' business—they were just digging each other.

When the student riots happened in May after Kent State and Cambodia, "everybody in the town was uptight about college students." (See Volume 5, No. 5 of the Seed—page 2) In May, four members of the family told the Seed, "the shit really started going down." Involuntary manslaughter charges were pressed against a man who had tried to deliver his wife's baby at home on the farm. The district attorney, Richard Richman, who was running for State Senate, set out to make a name for himself by

leading a crusade against the family. They were kept under surveillance, stopped in town, given traffic tickets for nothing.

And on Tuesday, June 16, what happened was the biggest dope bust in the history of southern Illinois—30 people were arrested—by 70 cops! Nine locations—26 agents of the Illinois Bureau of Investigation (IBI), 16 state police, nine Carbondale police, 17 Southern Illinois University security guards and two men from the Jackson County Sheriff's office.

There was no knock. "A dynamite dinner" was just over. "Joey got paranoid about four cars going by without lights. Joey was outside and said get rid of the shit or some such garbage. We heard running feet and the dogs barking...Joey said to the dogs go get 'em, thereby freaking out cops who in turn approached with drawn guns and rifles or shotguns. At first I thought they were red necks, then I realized there was a large gun in my back and my arms were twisted behind me. 'They' shouted: this is a raid—State Police—don't move. It was literally 'up against the wall' while the house was ripped apart and destroyed. The guns still drawn. 'Hey honey,' one of the cops yells to a woman, 'let me check you out.' A mother, handcuffed, refused to let go of her child. Her arm was pistol whipped until she did. Then the pistol smacked the child's face."

When the raid was over, the search warrant went on the wall. Most of the cops were plainclothes—no badges. They stole everything that wasn't tied down—\$102 worth of food stamps, watches, passports, ID's, chain saws, garden tools and kitchen knives. Fourteen arrest warrants are still out—for people for whom the cops only have first names. Eight people were charged with dealing, twenty-two with possession. The family is completely split up now. Some

just left the area and can't come back. The landlord evicted them from one farm. The Klan threatened to burn down another. But the food store is still functioning.

What happens now? For one thing, 30 people still face jail. Money to help defense efforts should be sent to the Carbondale Defense Fund c/o the Mr. Natural Food Store, 102 E. Jackson, Carbondale, Ill.

But the people who came to talk to us weren't despondent or discouraged. "It'll happen again," they said, "we'll go elsewhere and do our communal thing and live in peace." Some of them are thinking of leaving the country. Others want to start over again somewhere else in Amerika. What impressed them most about the bust was that the cops were "really afraid of us—or they wouldn't have pulled their guns—they were nervous and panting." For two years, one of the women said, "I felt really free there...we were getting along well...we were together...so they really resented us to the point where it was like we were taking away their life essence."

"If we stay in this country," one of the men said, "we need to have weapons to defend our culture.. I'm going to defend it."

The pigs have a lot to be afraid of. There was a smile on the sister's face when she told us "they can destroy our physical surroundings and our environment, but they'll NEVER destroy our heads." And we knew, when we looked around, that it was really true. There once was a family of people in Carbondale Illinois. Now they just have a larger territory, to live in. You really don't know what's happening, do you, Mr. Jones?

— Bernie Cobb-Farber

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Albert King

SATURDAY, Aug. 8, 6:30 p.m.

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Sunnyland Slim
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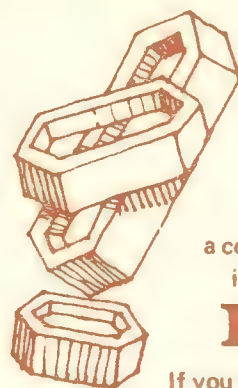
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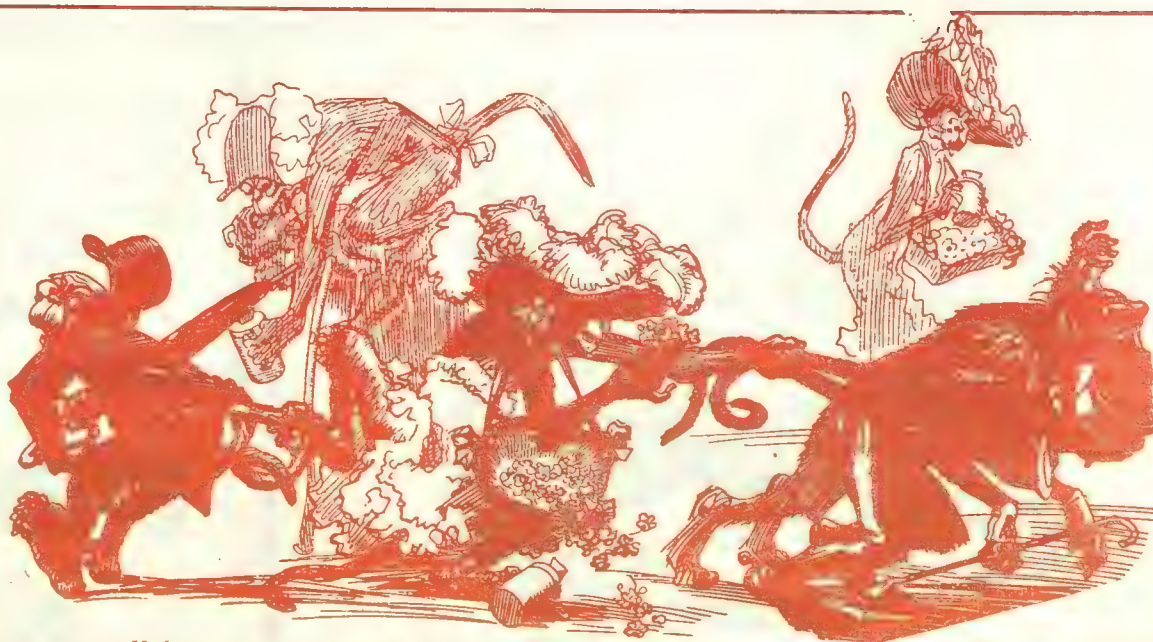
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Street theatre is an invasion. The streets, as opposed to the institutions of modern society, belong to the people. The aristocrats and fascists of our society know that and they are afraid of the streets. The economic and political chaos they have inflicted on the people turn the streets into Vietnams when they dare show their faces. If the front lines of revolution seemed to be on the campuses during the May massacres, we must never forget that the real battlegrounds of change are in the streets. How many street theatres can handle the burden of being an invader in the theatre of revolutionary operations?

Most street theatres I have seen seem to deny the fact that the war is on for alternative ways of life. This does not mean finding ways to make capitalism less exploitative, but ways of eliminating exploitation. This does not mean finding ways of making welfare work, but admitting that the necessity for welfare is immoral and nothing less than its elimination and equality in wealth distribution is due. If a street theatre is really creative and responds to the facts it finds in the streets it should be able to help us find real alternatives to this capitalist and racist mess that is Amerika. Unfortunately, many street theatres are merely refugees from traditional theatre and continue to think in that direction. The traditional theatre waits for its audience. Like an animal in hibernation, it creates its own life which is often an irrelevant refuge from the dirt of the world. The irony of a theatre composed of these people being in the streets where the American myth of freedom, equal opportunity and human dignity confront the American reality of confinement, racism and exploitation—this ultimate irony makes these theatres dangerously irrelevant.

The language of the street is oppression and the time on the street is now. It is genocide for a street theatre not to confront the problems of the people they are playing for. Very often, however, these theatres with their large budgets, well-paid actors and fortunes in equipment are a huge part of the problem. They are living the inequality of wealth distribution that has become the cornerstone of the American way of life. So, rather than confront

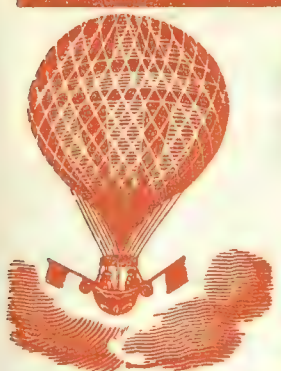


their own complicity with the system, they play off their guilt by "entertaining" the deprived people and thus reinforce the concept of stability over morality. Kind of a miniature U.S. government policy that supports Batista, Franco and Ky. It's the same attitude of not dealing with the real problems and hoping that nothing disturbing will happen. But the NLF and Castro have proved the result of that philosophy. Some will argue that it is a very valuable contribution if a street theatre brings entertainment to the people minus political content. True, joy is a beautiful thing to bring to oppressed people. But it is sad if that joy has nothing to do with the possibility of the poor changing the greedy and overconsumptive human tastes that oppress them. And it is worse if it is part of that beast that now brings them a "show." A street theatre that does not deal directly with the hope and joy of struggle but rather with the same kind of meaningless vaudeville, instead of initiating life-oriented revolutionary directions.

There are street theatres who invade the peoples' minds and encourage them to action. These are theatres that know the myth and have penetrated it and confronted it with the truth. The Teatro Campesino (the grape pickers' theatre) has, by its

performances, incited huge walkouts from vineyards as well as strikes against growers. The Bread and Puppet Theatre has helped create a sense of common oppression that has united whole communities. The Living Theatre, performing in and out of buildings, has created dialogue and action between radical movements all over the world. I will never forget seeing the Sixth Street Theatre, a small radical group from New York, in the Young Lords church last year. After doing their performance they gave the money they had collected as donations from the audience back to the Young Lords and the community. That act was the essence of their performance because it was symptomatic of a group whose lifestyles and art were one and the same. And that is the root of the sense of responsibility a street theatre must have. A street theatre is on the attack and it has an obligation to the place it is invading—it must be part of the solution itself. That means conveying through its lifestyle and performance the reality of the problems facing its audience, and living and offering new directions and hope. And that means revolution. The streets belong to the people—do the street theatres?

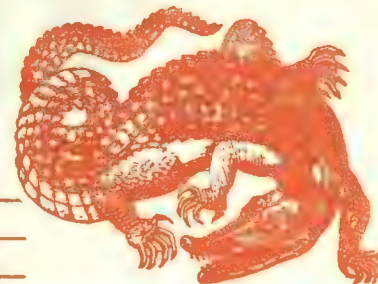
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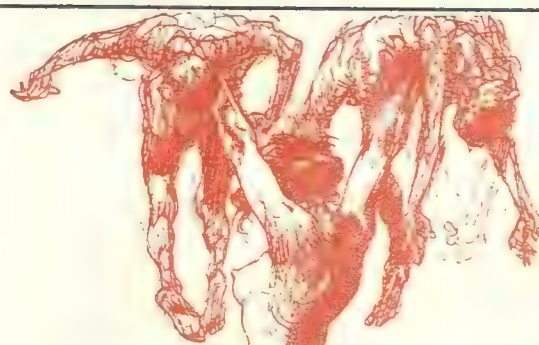
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Anyone who has a free or inexpensive ride to California or has a car to be driven there please call Michael at 848-9616.

Messages

Ed Walter is the ultimate high! - Paula.

Boston John (JAH) - that was no way to say goodbye, please, please, call. Diana (312) 469-3831.

Chickie — Dawn, Winky, Glen, Mike, Jacie, and me all are waiting for a word. I'm still at home, Carlos is in Louisiana. Please write! Tim.

Anyone knowing the whereabouts of Vicki Schneider, 5 9 ,med. brown hair, glasses, from Elmhurst, married to a Puerto Rican brother whose name I don't know, Please contact Debbi Scalzo, 10 Summit Ave., East Dundee, 426-2513. Hope to hear from you , Vicki, cause I'm the only one in the family who cares.

Music

Bill Bartlett, lead guitarist, formerly with the Lemon Pipers, seeks musicians with experience (bass, drums, guitar) to form hard rock band with country overtones. Call 525-2691 or write Route Two, Liberty, Indiana, 47353.

Need female singer for dynamite rock band Call John 12pm & 1pm. at 281-5766.

Rock groups having personel problems call Gigs Unlimited. Midwests only rock placement company. Call Roco 282-6518.

Soul, Blues, Rock, Psychedelic bands — vocal groups, soloists needed. This is the beginning of a brand new Recording Company for the future. Call Peyton at 493-6415 S.W.E.E.T. Music Productions.

Lone Tree Music, 832 Custer in Evanston. Guitar, Clarinet, Flute, Banjo. All lessons \$3.50 for hour—long private lesson, with relevant student music. Also, we'll sell your ax or whatever for 10% commission. Open noon to ?

Misc.

Wanted: West Side freaks to get it together for Peace and Liberation in the scenic backyard of Daleyland. Yippie! Call Richard Chinn, 2510 S. Sawyer, Chicago 60623. Phone 922-6578.

Lost: prescription sunglasses, lost in Grant Park June 27. Leave at Seed.

Lost: 10 speed bike - Armstrong gold. Gale 784-3605.

Western Suburbs Rap & Aid Phone- Summer Hours, Fri. & Sat. Nites: 8pm to 2am. Dial M-A-Y-T-A-L-K for free, confidential, aid, info, or just someone to listen... about problems, drugs, hangups... anything.

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Part of the problem with eating healthy food is finding it. You can't sit down in a restaurant and have a meal or walk into a supermarket and buy a loaf of bread and find yourself putting healthy food into your body. Every processed food is replete with chemical additives guaranteed to add nothing but ill health to your body. But additives aside the basic ingredients of our diets have been so refined and stripped of whatever was beneficial in them that they are worth nothing to our bodies. But we have become so conditioned to eating crap that we crave only crap.

The sugar that finds its way onto our tables and into our Hostess twinkies and M&Ms is unrecognizable as being formerly of the sugar cane and sugar beets from which it comes. In the process of refinement it is completely stripped of all its vital elements so that the final product contains no vitamins, no minerals, no protein. It consists purely of carbohydrates.

Through a wide commercial campaign we have been educated to believe that sugar is the quick energy food. If you are feeling tired or draggy have a candy bar, put a teaspoon of sugar in your coffee. In actuality your body uses up more energy to utilize sugar than the sugar itself provides. Some nutritionists have found that an excess of sugar leads to a vitamin deficiency. The relationship between sugar consumed and tooth decay has been demonstrated in numerous experiments. Among various findings are that granulated sugar causes much more tooth decay than sugar in solution, that only food left in the mouth causes decay, and that even raw sugar causes extensive tooth decay—but use of black strap molasses in place of sugar causes a drastic reduction in decay. (due to lobbying by sugar magnates, it is illegal to buy, sell or use raw sugar in Amerika. What is advertised as raw sugar is in actuality refined sugar supplemented by black strap molasses.) Many medical investigators are convinced that the consumption of too much refined sugar or too many sweets is at least a contributing cause of many ailments.

A hundred years ago the per capita consumption of sugar was ten pounds a year. Today it is an amazing hundred pounds a year. Whereas sugar used to be regarded as a condiment, it has come to represent about 9% of the total weight of food consumed in this country. This is due largely to the wide interests of the sugar influence in this country.

Much sugar is consumed unknowingly—almost every processed food contains it—cereals, jam, candy, fruit drinks, carbonated beverages, cider, cake, pie, jello, ice cream, pudding, cookies, canned fruit, flavored yogurt. Soft drinks especially, consist of

about ten percent sugar and supply the body with no nutrients other than unceded carbohydrates.

Perhaps more pathetic than the role sugar has in our diets is the state of the flour which is used in everything from bread to noodles to cookies to macaroni to hostess cupcakes.

The wheat berry from which flour is milled consists of the wheat germ from which the berry reproduces itself, the kernel or endosperm, a carbohydrate which feeds the germ when it is planted, and the outer husk or bran. In the process of milling the germ of the wheat, containing high protein and mineral content plus the vitamin B complex and vitamin E (found in very few foods), and the husk, composed of vitamins and minerals including the essential vitamin B complex, are removed, and used to feed cows and pigs (the farm variety). The miller loves the flour that emerges as it keeps well and is unattractive to insects (maybe we should take the hint from the bugs). The flour is then bleached to make it whiter, thereby destroying the flour's carotene content which is a source of vitamin A. Finally the heat generated by the mills made of steel destroys most of the remaining vitamins and minerals. Many, many chemicals are used in the milling process, with dubious results.

The bread we eat consists of this excuse for flour, refined sugar, chemical leaveners, refined bleached deodorized hydrogenated shortening (resulting in high levels of cholesterol in the body), milk products containing anti-oxidants, stabilizers, thickeners, dough softeners (which soften tissues too), preservatives, and vitamins and minerals added to enrich the final product.

The lower classes have long depended on bread as the major item in their diets. There was a time when man could live on bread alone—bread made of whole wheat stone ground flour, whole eggs, whole milk, and organic leaveners which supplied the body with needed nutrients. Today many people still try to do just that, as it is all they can afford. Butternut-wonderbread is cheap, "enriched," puffed up with water and air, and is unfortunately the main

staple in the diets of welfare recipients. And so this country, boasting of its super agricultural output, a per capita consumption of food at an all time high, hides the statistics for the percentage of persons suffering from malnutrition and various dietary deficiencies in this country. These percentages transcend class lines as Wonderbread finds its way into the breaddrawers of suburban America, and kids spend their nickels, dimes and five dollar bills on coca cola, life savers, koolaid, bubblegum, Milkyways, ice cream cones, and Hostess cupcakes. Kids of all ages. But every attempt to change FDA regulations on quality and quantity of ingredients of standardized foods such as breads, is squealed by the highly influential food magnates. One manufacturer who's bread was of exceptionally good quality was called in by the FDA and told that he was using false advertising, that he would have to call his bread cake. Finally after all the evidence was presented he was allowed to call it bread if he listed the ingredients on the package. Ordinary shitbread doesn't have to list ingredients on the package as it is a standard product.

So where do you turn if you are tired of eating sugar-coated plastic carbohydrates, and you'd like to sample some of the real stuff for a change? First you have to explain to your taste buds that they don't really want a Hershey Bar—they've been do-opted for years into thinking that's what they want. Taste buds will gladly accept raisins or dates as a substitute for that candy bar.

Avoid carbonated beverages, but especially Coca-Cola, Pepsi, RC Cola, Yummy Cola, and just plain cola. Made of phosphoric acid, caffeine, sugar, coloring and flavoring, it is the cheapest rust remove you can buy. But if you leave it on too long it eats through the metal. A set of teeth left in a glass of cola overnight won't be there in the morning.

But where do you find a slice of B*R*E*A*D? Well, Pepperidge Farm makes real, whole, whole-wheat bread if you'll pardon a little Calcium Propionate to preserve freshness. If you buy stone ground whole wheat, whole rye or other flour at stores such as The Family Store, 2546 N. Halsted, you can bake your own.

Healthy food is almost impossible to mass-produce because not-adding chemicals leaves it prone to natural spoilage and it can't stay in the warehouse or the truck or on the shelf for six months. That is to your advantage, so bake a loaf of bread this week, eat it fresh, and you'll never go back to Butternut.

— Maralee

EATING IT



PERFORMANCE

THE NEW SOUND TRACK ALBUM, FROM THE MICK JAGGER - JAMES FOX FILM. THE NEW SONGS ARE PERFORMED BY MERRY CLAYTON, RY COODER, MICK JAGGER, THE LAST POETS, RANDY NEWMAN, JACK NITZSCHE, AND BUFFY SAINTE-MARIE. FORTUNATELY, THE ALBUM'S AS GOOD AS IT LOOKS. "PERFORMANCE" IS NOW AVAILABLE, ON WARNER BROS. RECORDS.

THEATRE

The Organic Theatre is moving its presentation, "The Odyssey" by Homer to the Body Politic Theatre, 2251 N. Lincoln Ave. for the summer. There will be 8:30 performances on Weds., Thurs., Fri and Saturday nights. (10:30 show also on Sat. night). Tickets are \$2.50 Weds thru Fri. \$3 on Sat. Student rates on Weds. & Thurs nights are \$1.50. For reservations, call 477-1977.

Satori (Chicago), a new theatre group in Chicago will present Kaleidoscope, an original production, at the Playwrit's Center, 22 W. North Ave., opening July 12 and running thru Aug. 15, at 7:30 pm. Tickets are \$2 and \$1.50 for students. For further info call 664-0998.

U.S. Slicing Machine at the Playhouse North, 315 W. North, will present Riverview, and other plays, improvised by the company from scenarios and scripts of Chicago writers, beginning July 27, Monday, Tuesday, and Thursday at 9 pm. No admission charge (free).

The Baroque Compass Players perform the only 100% improvisational shows in the Chicago area. Performances are at 9 & 11 every Fri. and Sat. night at the Harper Theatre Coffee House, 5238 S. Harper, in Harper Court. Admission is \$1.

The Forth Force will present evenings of improvisational movement and scenes every Mon. at 8:30 and evenings of works-in-progress every Sat. at 8:30. 4715 N. Broadway, admission \$1.50. Call 782-9319 for reservations and info.

Kingston Mines Theatre Co., 2356 N. Lincoln, will present "The Year Boston Won the Penant" by John Ford Noonan from July 17. Prices are \$2.00 on Fri. & Sun., Sat. \$2.50. For further info & reservations call 525-9893.

The Old Town Players, 1718 N. North Pk., Presents the original Chi. script of "One Two- San- Shi," opening July 31. Performances are Fri. & Sat. at 8:30pm and Sun. at 7:30 pm. thru Sept. 20. All seats are \$2.00. Reservations-- call 645-0145.

Second City, 1616 N. Wells, presents "Cooler Near the Lake" Tues. thru Thurs. at 9pm Fri & Sat 8:30 & 11, Sun at 9. \$2.95-\$3.95 Improvisations are free and follow the eve. performance every day but Friday.

The Children's Theatre Co., is presenting "The Panda and the Spy" by Mary Virginia Heinlein thru Aug. 8 at the Goodman Theatre, 200 S. Columbus Dr. Tues. - Sat. at 2:30 pm. For further info, call CE6-7080.

La Delores presents a Children's Theatre on Mon. and Weds., at 1980 N. Orchard, at 1pm. For further info call 664-2352. FREE.

MUSIC

I.W.W. Picnic will be Sun., Aug. 2 in Lincoln Park. Free City Music will provide music including Wilderness Road, Pure Smack, Cloud and others. Kite flying, goofing off, and singing from the Little Red Song Book will be included in the festivities.

There will be a Gay Lib Dance at U. of Ill., Circle Campus, 850 S. Halsted, in the Illinois Room on Fri., July 31st from 8pm to 12:30pm. Donation \$1. Band Pythias Tribe.

West Side Soul

L & A 1422 S. Pulaski
Walton's Corner S Roosevelt & Washtenaw
Club Alex 1815 W. Roosevelt
Sportsman's Roosevelt & Kedzie
Big Dukes 2500 W Roosevelt

CALENDAR

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Peppers 43rd & Vincennes
Theresa's 48th & Indiana
Riviera Lake & Kedzie
Williams Lounge 4223 W. Madison
Garfield Lounge Madison & Homan
Don's Cedar Club Milwaukee & Division

The New Quiet Knight is at 953 W Belmont featuring the finest music, drinks food, soft drinks, coffee...ample parking nearby. Tues is blues nite with Siegal/Schwall. Call 348-9509 for more info.

Heads Up, 386 Hainsville Road in Roundlake Pk. has got a good thing going. Located on an 11 acre lakefront property, it is the perfect refuge for city slickers to get away from it all. It features a head shop, leather shop, ice-cream parlor, record shop, cake bar, and good vibes. Plus the fact it has FREE jam sessions on Tues. & Friday nights, & occasionally weekends. Open every night at 8 pm. For further info & directions call 546-8005.

If you're under 21 and cannot get into the Blues Bars the next best thing is Mojo. 78 new releases and everything in between. Interviews with blues folk. Host Cary Baker, Tues 7:30 pm on WNTH radio,, 88.1 FM

GRANT PARK CONCERTS

July 26- Free Spirit- Gospel show at sunrise featuring the Soulstirrers, Inspirational Singers, And the Thompson Community Singers.
July 27- Free Sly-Sly and the Family Stone and others. starts at 4:00pm.
Aug. 16- Free- Grease- Sha Na Na, Bo Diddley, Chuck Barry, Wilderness Road, and others.
All the above concerts are in the Bandshell.

For the latest blues happenings drop by the Jazz Record Mart at 7 W Grand, & they'll tell you where it's at.

At El Panama, 74th & Stoney Island, every Thurs 9-2am the Chairmen of Soul present a psychedelic strut.

CONTINUING

At Alice's Revisited, 950 N. Wrightwood, has folk, rock, blues, and flicks every Fri. & Sat. at 8pm. Every Sat. - free childrens store. On Tues. - psychodrama. Coming soon - jam nites, hot food, square dance, used book center, library, call 528-4250 for further info. Donation are \$1, service men - 50¢.

The Earl of Old Town features live folk music nightly, 1615 N Wells, 9-4am.

Come To The Barbarossa!, 1117 N. Dearborn Dearborn features shows (music) every eve. at 10:30 pm. On Fri. & Sat. there is also shows at 12:30 (also 2:00 on Sat.)

The Diocese of Chicago of the Universal Life Church Coffee House, 1049 W Polk, gets it on nitely. Sounds weekends. "It's open when the light's on."

FREE FILMS from Newsreel every Wed night at 8 - Neighborhood commons, Wisconsin & Fremont. If you've got films to show, call David at 248-9858.

The New Product Line coffeehouse in Arlington Hts is open Fri 8-12. Live entertainment and recreation at 500 E Mirror. Call 255-8850 for more information.

WEEKENDS Harper Theater Coffee House Review of improvisation & satire by the New Old Fashioned Players every Fri & Sat nite 9-1am. Folk, bluegrass & balladeers are also featured.

It's Here coffeehouse 6455 N Sheridan features folk singers & satirists, Fri-Sun. Doors open at 7:30, shows at 8 & 10:30, \$2.50 per person 75¢ min. Call SH3-9781 for more information.

Saturday's Child Coffeehouse 212 Lincoln, Porter Ind (get off Ind. Toll Rd at Chesterton) Fri & Sat 8-12pm open stage Fridays continuous entertainment & food. \$1.25.

The Other Door Coffee House, 3124 Broadway, is open daily 7 p.m. to 2 a.m. Wed at 9 p.m. Open discussion on Friday at 9 p.m. open poetry reading. FREE MUSIC.

The College of Complexes presents guest speakers every Sat nite at 9pm. Cost is only \$1. The College is located at 105 W Grand. Call 664-4440 for more information.

Antigone Coffeehouse, 419 Lincolnway (basement of Teen Center, entrance in alley), LaPorte Ind., Sat 8-12pm. Folk music, impromptu, and all around fun & food. Admission only 75¢.

The Community Arts Foundation invites Chicagoans to "come and play" theater games every Sun at 3pm. Admission is \$2. Call 525-1052 for info or reservations.

The Abraxas Coffee House, 1315 W. Loyola Ave., is open most nights at 8:00pm and features drink, conversation, music, poetry, art, ect. Phone is 743-9565.

The Blue Gargoyle at 5655 S University holds Hoot & Rap sessions every Wed & Thurs nite. Call 955-5826 for more information.

We try our hardest to get all we can on this page...If you want your thing included it doesn't cost anything. Call or write The Seed 929-0133 (david) 2551 N Halsted, Chicago, Illinois 60614

Cafe Pergolesi 3404 N Halsted, coffeehouse, bridge, chess, local artists gallery, baroque music. Nightly 6-12, Sat & Sun til 1am: No cover, no minimum.

COMMUNITY

Hiroshima Day Rally on Sat., Aug. 8 is sponsored by Chi. Peace Council. The rally starts with assembly at the Fed. Building, followed by a march to State & Wacker, and ends with the launching of fireboats down the Chi. River.

Gay Lib Rap Sessions are on every Thursday. Call 337-0579 for information.

For general information on Gay Lib call Free City Exchange (281-7197)

ART

A retrospective exhibition of Andy Warhol's pop-art paintings will open at the Museum of Contemporary Art (237 E. Ontario St.) on July 4 continuing thru Sept. 6. During the exhibition, Warhol films will be shown on alternate Thursday nights. For further info call 943-7755.

Drawings & paintings by artist-reporter Franklin McMahon are now being shown at the Chicago Historical Society, North Ave & Clark, 9:30 to 4:30 daily; 12:30 to 5:30 Sundays thru October.

CLASSES

Socialist Summer School, June 22 to Sept. 5, building the revolutionary party, the working class and the student movement. Classes are on Mon. and Thurs. evenings at 7:30pm. 180 N. Wacker, room 310, phone 641-0147. Fee is \$.35 per class, \$5.00 for the entire summer.

The White Panther Party, Ministry of Education, is sponsoring free revolutionary ed. at the Peoples Information Center, 2152 N. Halsted. Courses are on Tues. & Thurs. at 7:30 and 8:45 and include Body Rescue (street-fighting), Dialectics of Sexism, and History of American Radicalism.

The Peoples School, 4409 N. Sheridan, is having liberation classes featuring courses such as Philosophy, Music, Occult, Photography, Earth Class, Street Medicine, Afro History, Creative Writing, ect. absolutely free on Mon. - Thurs. For further info call 561-6737.

The La Dolores Center, 1972 N. Orchard Ave., sponsors community services for women including Women's History Workshops every Thurs. at 8pm. Also sponsors day care and children's theatre. Call 944-8087 for further info.

Free U. in Lincoln Pk. every Weds. at 7:30 pm. Call Steve or Mark at 477-9771 for all info.

The Women's Revolutionary Art Co-op is just starting to get together. Based on the idea that anyone can be an artist, its purpose is to help increase natural artistic ability. For further info call 642-9456.

The Village School of Folkmusic, 631 Deerfield Rd., in Deerfield, Ill. teaches courses in American traditional folkmusic (guitar, banjo, autoharp, mandolin, voice, dulcimer and recorder). The school also has a complete selection of instruments, music books, and accessories. For further info call 945-5321.

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Notes From An Underwater Journal- Part II

Cont'd from back cover.

20 June

Now I'm bored and there's no use fighting it. Space is most important. A small lone room or a large crowded ballroom creates a spaceless oppressive condition. Add the further dismal factors of poor lighting, stale air, unpleasant sights and sounds and soon you are doing battle with the environment—quick to anger, diminution of kindness and humanity. Swat a fly, start an argument, feel hopelessness, think about suicide. Or murder.

But then, walk to the ocean's shore. Open space on all sides of the never-ending vista. Eye resting on the horizon, knowing there is more beyond this vision. Untrammelled air caressing the skin, sandcrabs scurrying from dugout to water's edge, splash of water hitting reef and beach, strong enduring green plants waving in time to bodyhair hum, texture of sand between toes, seeing time march from rock to pebble to grain, a coconut drops Thud! driftwood floats ashore from Fiji, Sumatra, Calcutta, Tahiti. . . salt lines the nostril walls, man walks shoulder deep in water hunting for food, clouds whitegreyblue slowly move from nowhere to nowhere; the sea moves, moves, moves. . . the sea moves. . .

San Francisco, 23 June

Seeing Haight street quick tour night horror—stores empty and boarded, diddly-bopping do-raggers tipping down the avenue; hookers and cycle-grease; Haight's a fearful street, Mecca gone sour.

Staying high by the Bay. Time to rest and collect, slowdown time. Mai's gentle laugh, her stethoscope on my heart, hearing la-bum of heartbeat, air rushing through trachea, squeek-slosh intestinal business.

The Inner and the Outer. . . body-machine and moonrise borning a clarity never before realized, St. Francis' eyes. Inbetween is a Marx Bros. movie. People crowding into jammed stateroom. Beards to tug and ties to snip. "Do you know that property values have increased 1929 since 1000%?" Soft watches and donkeys with necklaces. The In-between world must be viewed through kaleidoscope lens, if you are to see it. But the wonders Inside and Out! There's the world in which to Dance!



25 June

"What man needs much more than time is space." Henry Miller's words spoken by Rip Torn in Tropic of Cancer movie. "Get up each morning and build a day of joy," he said. And this he did, tho penniless he was the primal rip-off artist, tho alone he always shared a bed—or closet, or john. Though of another world he lived fully in one he created here.

You give me strength, old bald-headed chinaman Henry. . . be in peace.

Chicago, 1 July. . . from a letter to A&A

Took another round-trip trip and this time discovered that circles aren't round, that straight lines curve, and parallel lines do intersect. I know now. Watched the sun setting over the Pacific while flying 30,000 feet above the ocean feeling the redorangepurpleblue rays seeping Upward through the clouds to my flight-bound eyes. Oh Yes. And saw the moon rise over that water as I sat on white beach of Oahu two days after summer solstice, that full white moon beaming yes and casting white pathway thru the coral-colored water. Sandcrabs scurrying from beach-hole to shore to gather rosebud seafood back to hole, to belly. . . waiting for ebb to eat micro-organism dinner.

Rather be moonwatcher than sandcrab. Rather be sunset reporter than scurrying crab walking sideways, unable to see direction, trapped in survival-lust and death-scurry. Oh Yes!





WILDERNESS ROAD cont'd

...from p. 10

EUGENIE: A good deal, that is to say, most of the potency and impact of a killer rock band is based on sexuality and energy. This is an important operative premise. Like the English decadent charm of Jagger, the feisty street-fighting style of Daltry, and the total presence, be it disdainful or mellow, of Country Joe. Needless to say, it's somewhat bizarre to suddenly regard one's husband and colleagues in this light; that of the rock hero syndrome. All the wives of the guys in the band share their husband's ambitions and anxieties, especially now when the band is growing and discovering its own identity. At the moment it has demanded almost total commitment from everyone in the band family. But I have my own concerns as an actress, and I know the other women have similar interests, which they've perhaps held in abeyance while the band is in this state of struggle. Now for the catch phrase: "Male Chauvanism". That's what much of rock is, no matter what the individual political postures of the bands. Sex is part of the rock phenomena. Ergo the groupie or "super chick", who derives her identity from male associations, who realizes her personal ambitions vicariously through rock stars. Women who are heavy, who have their own interests are dubbed "bally" chicks, a term which aptly reveals the frame of mind of your average young rock hero. Audrey, Marcia, Isabella, and I carry amps, advise on sound mix and balance, as well as share in the creation of material in some capacities. We do anything that has to be done from a managerial standpoint. It's easier for me since I have had experience functioning in the theatre-management milieu and my own talents and inclinations lie in that universe. It's a weird boogey to get behind, needless to say.

SEED: What is Wilderness Road into right now- you mentioned something about a comic book- which sounds kind of strange for a rock group?

NATE: Right.. we were talking about Snuk comics- which is a comic book we just finished with Skip Williamson, and which we're having printed up to distribute. Skip did most of the art and I did the rest of the art- and we wrote the copy for the comic.

WARREN: The comic is like the graphic equivalent of what we do on stage. When we first saw Skip's stuff we decided to approach him with the idea of our doing a comic together; just because he gassed us completely with

his comic and poster stuff, and we figured our heads were close to being in the same place politically and otherwise. The comic is called "Wilderness Road and Flippy Skippy Present Snuk Comics" and we're hoping a lot of people get off on it.

SEED: Are you working on anything else right now?

TOM: Yeah, but its.... what... a trilogy or whatever on the idea of the outlaw in America. I mean, we have these myths in this country about people like Jesse James; and Bonnie and Clyde; and Pretty Boy Floyd and theres a song about each one of those people- so what we are trying to do is blend the outlaw idea into an opera or story- and do it as a set, about 45 minutes or so..with original lyrics and music.

SEED: Have you had any record offers?

ANDY: We've had several but they have been the standard deal- which is bullshit.

SEED: What do you mean by the standard deal?

NATE: It works this way- you got no place to go and the record man says- I'll let you cut an album in return for which I'll own most of the group; publish your songs; and handle all the PR, producing and financial operation. The hang-up being that you spend most of your life in debt with no artistic control over your records.

WARREN: Bob Rudnick, at WEAW-FM was one of the first people to hip us to the record biz- and it is incredible how fucked up it can be for a group. Its like listening to a list of atrocities - when you start rapping with groups who've been through the record business machine. So sad, makes you weep, stories that would tear your heart out.

ANDY: Right, not since The Edge of Night...

SEED: Are you going to be appearing anywhere soon?

WARREN: Indeed we are. At the Seed benefit on July 24th, 25th, and 26th where we hope to see many of the brothers and sisters and at Grant Park, for a free concert with Chuck Berry, Bo-Diddley, and Carl Perkins on August the 16th. But there's still some hard times ahead before we all meet together on God's golden shore.



P A SHRINKS F R O U LOBOTOMY

Authorities are studying the practicality of a new cure for homosexuality and aggressive behavior.

Although homosexuality is considered a psychological, rather than a physical ailment by most researchers, they have been puzzled by the fact that many homosexuals do not respond to psychological therapy.

Now, neurosurgeons report "good success" in curing homosexuality and aggressiveness with brain surgery. Dr. Orthner of the Dept. of Neurology of the University of Goettingen (in Hitler's Faterland) says that all of the homosexuals he operated on have been cured. "None," he said, "have lapsed into their former perversion."

The operation consists of destroying the portion of the brain which regulates the sexual urge. The surgery is done with an electronic probe sunk into the brain. A portion of the brain is destroyed with electric shocks. The patient remains conscious during the entire operation.

Dr. Orthner says that side effects are "gratifyingly small." Only one minor after effect has been observed; the inability of the patient to make visual recall, such as not being able to remember pictures or being unable to recognize his mother's face.

With such "very, very small" side effects, Dr. Orthner says brain surgery is preferable to castration since castration causes nervous instability in around a third of the cases.

Dr. Orthner calls the destruction of the sexual and aggressive drives a "social recovery," since the treated patient is better able to function in society. So far, the operation has only been used to cure homosexuality, but it holds great promise as a cure for rebellious students, racial agitators, revolutionaries and other trouble makers.

NOTE: The above report is presented only for the enlightenment of the reader, so he will know what is being planned for him. It reflects the views of certain head shrinks and most certainly does not reflect the views of the editors or the writer.

-- Don Jackson

BEADS

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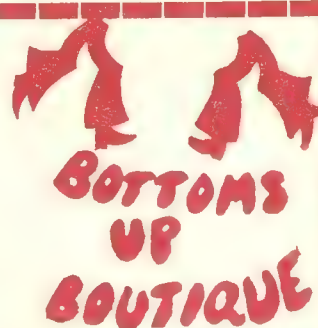
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Dear Seed,

I read your article (issue #5, volume #5) on the Grand Jury Report on the killing of Fred Hampton with great interest.

May I note that the entire Report was inserted into the "Congressional Record" of May 28, 1970, by Congressman Abner J. Mikva, on p. E4860 and following. It is well worth reading; copies should be available at no cost or nominal cost from congressmen.

Page E4871 upper center column notes that the doctor conducting the second autopsy upon Fred Hampton's body found that the one bullet recovered was a .30 caliber carbine shell from the left pectoral muscle.

According to the tabulation on p. E 4867 the only policeman who had a .30 caliber carbine was James Davis.

Is this evidence that James Davis shot Fred Hampton?

Please do not publish my name if you use this article.

With best wishes,
XYZ

Chu Chi Base Camp

Marshall-

Let me extend my sincere thanks to you and your people at the Seed for my regular issues of the Seed and for your thots and well wishes thru this most difficult time. All of us here are involved in an immense struggle with ourselves, with our homes, with our government, and certainly with the world. In many cases it will be the most trying period of our life. And thru it all is the spilling of their blood and ours, the cries for help, the pain of lost limbs, the horror of dead friends.

And it all seems so futile. Marshall, if no one fought then no one would have to. God knows none of us want to be here. But perhaps it is a catalyst for something bigger in the US itself. Perhaps.

Will drop by this summer to see the gang and to say thanx in person. Hope to make it thru in early july. Looking forward to seeing you then.

Today's profound statement: "Whoever was dreaming the American dream, just woke up." Anon

Pax tibi sit
John

Dear Seed staff and any Freaks tuned in,

I have been in Sunny Southeast Asia for only two weeks and have already considered taking a bust to get out. I am a Navy medic and true to form I've been fucked by the marines with whom I serve. I am part of the CAP program. This means that I go out in the bush and live with a squad of marines in some village and protect it from the VC. This is a bust and I now wish I would have followed my instincts, which told me not to make the plane. But I am here so I guess I'll stay. As you know the dope here is good. It goes for ten Jays for a buck.

While I was home (Southwest Side) I called to rap about an overseas script and heard they are free to our fighting forces. I sure could dig it so I could keep up on news of the revolution and the dope scene. These items don't make the paper over here at all. So my address is below, I guess you do the rest, but it sure would be appreciated and you will have the satisfaction of knowing another dissident freak is getting the straight scoop from the world. So I guess I will sign off for now.

A Backer of the Revolution,
J.S.



Seed-

I understand your need for money and all that but is it that bad that you have to start supporting AM radio? (i.e. WCFL's Big 10 Summer Music Festival) They have enough fucking ads all over the place, they don't need yours also. FM radio is going down in quality and if you're going to spend time and space, for God's sake use it to support and criticize FM not AM, help get it back up to the quality it once was. AM radio sucks and always will suck.

Just a Sister
(Please see page nine of this issue)

Dear Seed People

I'd like to run an ad in your classified page about a real fraud. The Peace Flag Decal Co., Room 24, e E. Ontario, Chicago, Illinois, (advertised in The Seed last winter) takes your money and you never hear from them again, even if you write them letters. Watchout-their decals are nice, but it's not nice to lose bread. All you get is a cancelled check.

Peace,
(Mrs Russell) Ann S. Kimura

FEED BACK

CANDID PRESS

26 June 1970

2715 NORTH PULASKI ROAD
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Miss Lynda Collins
Chicago Seed
2551 N. Halsted
Chicago, Ill.
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Dear Miss Collins:

Do you really think we advocate the oppression of women? That's nonsense. We employ females whenever possible. Ask our cleaning woman if she considers herself oppressed.

Incidentally, John Houlihan couldn't answer your letter personally since he's at home working out a laundromat budget for his wife.

Sincerely,

Durant Imboden

P.S.: Do you know any women who'd like to work for us? All we ask of our female job applicants is that they have a good educational background, an incisive sense of humor and big tits.

Dear Seed,

As the sun breaks the earth we expect Uncle Sam's force to break their training camps and head for overseas, but also for a new land up north. Presently there are over one hundred thousand deserters in Canada, and we are prepared for many more. The border coming in to Canada is still open. Prime Minister Trudeau seems to wish it open further still. We would like to get word to as many servicemen, potential draftees, etc., that desertion or dodging is possible and to explain to them exactly how it can be done, how to obtain a status where the individual cannot be deported except for major crimes, and that if desired it is possible to become a citizen. The word we get from ex-soldiers is that there are many who do not believe that desertion to Canada is possible or practical. Can you help spread the word. We will write a small leaflet containing all necessary information, i.e. what to say, what to bring. If you can somehow mimeo, xerox, or whatever this leaflet and distribute it to as many bases as possible in your area, then. Also, if you could please tell us of more underground papers, or anybody willing to help near bases that you cannot personally reach, that will help too. If necessary we will help pay any costs encountered.

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just don't know how to



take pictures of colored people."

"He played a low down dirty blues. Dirty blues, baby. He was my man. He used to play for me at The Hollywood Rendezvous in 1953 before he went with Muddy and Little Walter came with me. Spann was a great piano player and a good singer. He was all right with me. The 2nd or 3rd of January was the first time we played together, except jamming at Pepper's, since then. We did an LP for Delmark with Jr. Wells and Buddy Guy." Louis Meyers

Jimmy Cotton: "I played with Otis Spann 12 years in Muddy Waters' group. Far as I concerned, he the best blues pianist I ever heard. That's for a fact."

Sunnyland Slim: "He was one of the greatest blues players of the day. Otis Spann was a hell of a piano player. I'm the man got him and Muddy off the truck."

Buddy Gray: "He was one of the greatest guys I ever meet. He was a Musicians' musician. He was."

Muddy Waters: "He was with me 18 years, and he was not only a great musician, but a great fellow. He's dead, but his music will live on."

That's what some of the dudes who came together for the Otis Spann Benefit had to say about the man it was all about.

Otis Spann was born in the Mississippi Delta, cotton country, in 1930. His mother sang in church; his father played the guitar. Spann started playing the church piano when he was 7 or 8. About a year later he won a contest at the Alamo Theatre doing Bessie's Back Water Blues. He was a professional at 14. Friday Ford, a dude who "never made it," was one of Spann's strongest influences, along with Big Maceo, Blind John Davis, Tampa Red and Sunnyland Slim. He joined Muddy Waters about 1955, and lived in an apartment in Muddy's basement. He'd get up, get dressed, have a few drinks and start jamming—14 and 15 hour jams. And that was his life. About 1958-60 piano became less important in the clubs and Otis Spann brought in the electric piano. That was one of his major contributions to Chicago Blues, being the first with the electric piano. He played an aggressive, gut bucket, down to the bottom, blues. He used the piano as a rhythm instrument. Spann was no saint. He was a heavy drinker and was as much a part of the hard life, both in what he did and what he was handed as any of the dudes coming up on the South and West Side Chicago Blues scene. The hard life and heavy

drinking of the blues man was a good part of what killed him. He had a growth on his head that was supposed to have been successfully operated on. The immediate cause of his death, April 25, 1970, seems to have been a case of hepatitis contracted at Cook County Hospital.

But as Sunnyland said, "He was a hell of a musician," and the best of Chicago blues men really got on top of it for him—and even more for what the blues is about. From the flow of good vibes from the young groups, Euphoria Blimp Works, Wildmessa Road, through Joy, a young chick, who did a fine set starting with Spann's "The Temperature's Rising" to the solidarity among the black blues men—Mighty Joe Young, Jimmy Dawkins, Birmingham, Sunnyland Slim, to the three sets that really tore it up. Johnny Little John, with Johnny Young jamming, Buddy Guy and Muddy Waters. Johnny Little John doesn't perform—he plays, and plays some dirty funky blues. Buddy Guy is dynamite on stage. He is on top of it from the beginning and he MOVES. Buddy's band is so tight and together they even get off together, and if you're into blues you get off with them.

And Muddy Waters with Lucille Spann jamming. What the fuck can anyone say about Muddy Waters? He waited four hours in a hot, crowded, smoky room in the basement of Five Stages. He got up once and walked on crutches to the bathroom. Sat down. And waited. He looked as tired and old as a farm hand who has come in from the fields after forty years of sixteen hour days. He was in pain. Watching him, I thought about the comments I've heard from the scholastic blues people about how "Muddy Waters had made it," "Had gotten away from his roots," "Cares more about how much he makes than about the blues." Bullshit. That's where jive starts and ends. Muddy Waters is still paying his dues. His music says he's mellowed. Some of the tough, mean, bitter bite is gone. But Muddy is still growing. His sound encompasses a whole new range of compassion and empathy that is—going way, way down to the bottom—blues. Rapping about Muddy's set, the vibes from "Got My Mojo Workin'" "19 Years Old" come back. All that was missing was Otis Spann and his piercing piano beat.

That was the Otis Spann Benefit. And here are a few more raps from the musicians who make the blues:

Eddie Taylor: "He was a wonderful guy. For my feelin, he was the best blues pianist I ever known."

A.C. Reed: "He was one of my friends. I been knowing him a long time. He was on the first album we cut. He was one of the best.

Wildchild Butler: "I likes the way he plays the blues. I been diggin his piano ever since I's quite small.

S.P. Leary: "He was a lovable type of guy. He and I worked together for, let's see, fourteen years. He was just like a brother to me. They saw Spann they know S. P. wasn't far behind. He was my man. Whole lots of things I know about Spann I won't tell.

All he wanted was things to go right. He wanted the beat. As far as peoples are concerned Spann got along with everyone. Something I said didn't always agree with him, but we was back together like brothers again. When Spann and Lucille got married I was the one who signed their marriage certificate. At the time we was living at the Albert Hotel. After we left New York that's when Spann and I departed for a while. The two of us played with Muddy Waters at the time. Muddy fired me and weeks later Spann left to go on his own

Otis Rush: "He was a great piano player, great musician and a great personality."

Buddy Guy: "One thing get next to me the most—B.B. King talked me into stickin with the guitar because one of the best pianist is Spann. I meet Spann and said I want to hear you and he said "you ain't goin to hear me til we've had this drink. And we had that drink. Talking to people like this—I could go on all night—just like I'm talking to him. We never talked about his death before mine or mine before his, but I'm sure if I had gone first Spann would do this same thing for me. Down through the years people been down on blues musicians for not stickin together, but when I walked in tonight and I saw so many musicians' faces and all are willin, cause they have smiles on their faces. They are happy being here, I could smile more he bein here. What more can you give him than this kind of respect."

Johnny Little John: "We all got to lay down and die sometime; we don't know when. Everyone remember, if they're white or black, doesn't matter where he comes from, we all go to cooperate together. I only wish there could have been some kind of way that this could have happened before he died."

The cooperating—the coming together of people from a lot of different places, made the Otis Spann Benefit a real tribute to Otis Spann—and to the beautiful men who keep makin the blues.

— Lois

NATIONAL NUDIST COUNCIL CONVENTION at the Ponderosa Country Club, Roselawn, Indiana. August 5th through August 9th. All persons of good character welcome to attend. Nude beauty contest on August 8th.



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Dope Column this week deals with some of the questions which have been phoned, sent and hand-carried in to the Seed and lays out information on how to stay free. Additional advice can be had by writing to the paper. Be sure to put Attn: Dope King on the envelope. Thanks, but don't send samples.

We had occasion to spend some time in Narcotics Court the other day, and heartily suggest visits to Branch 57 on the first floor or the new branch on the fourth as exercises in consciousness-raising. Spend ten minutes watching LaSalle Street sharpies hypnotize narcs into changing their stories while public defenders wave goodbye to less affluent defendants and you'll understand the recent popularity of "ransom", "class justice" and "political prisoner" in the hip vocabulary. 400 cases--from random raids in Hyde Park to busts for smoking a different kind of plant on the Oak Street Beach--are rammed through the two branches each day, and the fate of the real humans behind the docket numbers is often decided in less than a minute of the judge's time. Those interested in alternate forms can dig the court scenes in Brecht's "Caucasian Chalk Circle" or Hinton's "Fanshen"; those interested in staying on the street until those forms come into operation should memorize the following hints:

If your crib gets raided, give a different address in cases where your name isn't obviously hooked to the apartment or house. A shyster lawyer may be able to plead that you were just visiting. This works best for communes and multi-unit apartments.

If you're stopped on the street, you are required to give your name and address if asked. Don't say anything more unless it's absolutely impossible to keep your head together if you keep your lips sealed, and then be sure to hold to the most picaresque chitchat.

Stop-and-frisk is legal in Illinois, and provides that the officer can poke at the outside of your clothing. If you are arrested and taken to the station, they can then strip-search you.

Your house or car can be searched if a warrant has been issued or if probable cause--reasonable suspicion that a crime has been committed or is about to be committed--exists. Your case should be tossed out in instances where a stop for a broken tail-light finds you with a lid or so. If you object to the search, say it so you can produce witnesses come court time.

If you know you're going to be in a potential bust situation, don't carry address books or names. When things get slow, the narcs let their fingers do the walking



Fine-strained Mexican tea at \$150 a pound -- weight is OK, but volume comes to only 40 shots. Killer weed!!

Bulk Mexican -- \$175 a pound.

Midwestern -- \$75 to \$100 a pound. You'll need the weight.

Keys of not very clean Mexican at \$185-210.

Lids are short on the South side and further out -- 4½ shots for \$15-20. Taste first.

Red Lebanese at \$5 a gram or \$100 an ounce (28 grams). Will knock you on your ass. (typist's note note -- it certainly will)

Street hash -- \$80/oz -- mediocre.

Mostly PCP, a horse tranquilizer which has been known to induce respiratory failure. PCP can be fatal in large doses! If you insist on using it, test all supposed THC by smoking it. THC will get you high that way, PCP won't. Those blue "peace pills" are mostly PCP.

White "thunder" comes in at least two varieties, one good and the other of a strain that laid people out all over the beach at Morse Ave. Spend a night with a ¼ tab before going all-out. \$2.

Blue micro-dots at \$2 are reported to be the real thing.

Peach tabs are o.k., but overpriced at \$3.

Yellow tabs at \$1.50. You get what you pay for with these, since they're mostly speed.

The blue Harly is coming -- be the first one on your block -- \$2 to \$3. Clean, pure and dynamite.

Good red caps at \$3, almost as good white ones at \$2. There's another white-cap variety that's excellent, but at \$6/hit you can stick with the economy model.

WARNING: pink and white tabs sold as mescaline are really strichnine.

If you're willing to go for \$4-6, there's some good psilocybin in clear gel caps to be had. Also in the \$3-4 range are the remaining super-mellow MDA's. And yet a third entry in the high priced field is AMT which some say is great and others decry as nauseating, uncomfortable and not-worth-it.

Do Not Use. The life you save may be your own. Like Frank Zappa says, "Hi! Wanna die?"

The above information refers to the city of Chicago. All prices are F. O. B. Chicago. Be sure to taste all drugs before doing large doses, making large purchases, or passing them on to friends. Do not hold unless necessary. Stash your drugs in a safe place. A lid of grass is 5 shot glasses, hopefully filled to the brim and definitely filled to the top.

Until next time, be a pal to your head.

The Dope King

through your little black book.

Don't woof on the officer or get really heavy. Resisting arrest is against the law no matter how lame or piggish the dude with the gun gets.

You can make a phone call after being booked. Use it to call someone that can spend time reaching friends, lawyers, family, bail sources, etc. You will be assigned bail in Bond Court several hours after your bust. A quick look will indicate whether your phone call was effective.

A good emergency law group is People's Law at 2156 N. Halsted, 929-1880.

Another important factor is your stash. Illinois law provides that reasonable doubt (all you need to get off) exists as to possession if shit is found in a place with public access to it. In other words, you should get off if someone else could have put the stuff where it was found and no additional evidence against you is introduced. Ideally, a stash is so good that nobody can find it, but stashing outside means that you retain your liberty even if it's discovered.

A good stash is easy to reach yet hard to figure. It may be in plain view (a loose brick, for example). One of my best stashes was a caved-in step covered by a hallway rug. I could slip a lid or two under the rug and into the hole quicker than you can say "marijuana", yet the nature of the damage made things seem together even if somebody walked up the flight of stairs kicking at every back.

The route to a stash should be as simple as possible. Being seen is a danger, but the context in which you're spotted is vital. My straight neighbors never thought that anything was strange about my being in the hall, yet they would have freaked out if they'd heard any noises coming from the laundry room at three AM.

Whether you aim for naturalness or for not being seen, it's important to pick a route that takes as little time as possible to complete.

Your stash should be as compact as can be. You shouldn't have to make noise ripping open a cover or feeling around for a hash pipe. Make sure that your stash is big enough to hold pipes, screens, clips and other residue-retaining devices.

There are some amazing stashes that can be put together in the comfort of your home. We know people who beat a raid by shoving a lid into a bag of cat litter and others with magic stereos that can hold a nickle in every other diode. These stashes can be much more elaborate than the middle of a woodpile, under a loose tile, or in a clump of bushes, but outside is still the right side.

Chicago, 6 June 70

Twenty-fourth anniversary of D-Day, and a drive West for peace. Luxurious driveaway car shared with Ron, Jack and John.

Denver, 7 June

A park in Denver, Rockies in background? a setting to closely examine ants & trees & leaves & flowers. Saw a green-speckled caterpillar, called "leaf-roller." Folks here kill them because they roll fruit tree leaves around their bodies, eat them and destroy the tree.

We make conscious decisions to kill. Kill the leaf-roller because he denies us fruit. Kill the fly, he transports disease. Of course kill the fly, and the roach, and the insect and bacteria that can kill man.

But what about life?

What about all these lawns in suburban Denver? People taking such car, working so hard to "manicure" their (their?) lawns.

What a neighborhood this would be if each family grew a different crop on their small plots of land—corn at the Kelly's, green beans at the Greenbaum's, melons at the Miller's. . . . when it's harvest time, a grand party exchanging crops. . . . a Grand Sharing!

First a good meal for all, then, if you like, a manicure.

It was a stange ride to Denver, sitting in backseat of 1970 air-conditioned Olds, speeding across plains of Iowa and Nebraska while reading Allen Ginsberg's journal of his trip across India (Indian Journals, City Lights Books). Learning to learn that the discoveries and changes don't come about, necessarily, from viewing a town in Iowa or smoking dope in Calcutta—but from looking inward. When the body and spirit are open and restful, the interior already-known truth will surface.

This major lesson for me, and I'm thankful for being with Allen's book and sharing this trip with kind men who help to create a setting of restfulness and joy, of openness and friendship so that the Interior's Truth will rise closer to the fore.

We have many moments of zealous romanticism. And in those moments we carry ourselves into self-pityin g errors of judgment. Ginsberg, his 37th birthday nearing, writes in his journal that he now has seen half of what he'll ever see, because he only wants to live to 2000 when he'll be 74.

But we all know that if Allen lives another 37, he'll see more than he could ever dream, and if Buddha is correct, once he's discovered All he'll know that the rest is Mystery. . . .

Hartsell, Colorado, 9 June

Woke at 5 a.m., cold and shivering. Four bodies huddled in Abercrombie & Fitch tent, 10,000 feet above the sea. Senseless "roughing it," stepping out of Olds 98 air-conditioned monster, looking for "primitive camp-site" in Rand McNally Road Atlas—camping seems to be latter day hairshirt for urban middle-class male.

Santa Fe, N.M., 10 June

Reading Steven Goldberg's Saturday Review (30 May 70) article on Dylan. Re Nashville Skyline, and prophetic prelude to Self-Portrait, Goldberg writes: "He has heard the universal melody through the galaxies of chaos and has found that the galaxies were a part of the melody. The essence that Dylan had discovered and explored is a part of him at last. There will be no more bitterness, no more intellectualization, no more explanation. There will be only Dylan's Existence and joyous songs which flow naturally from it."

Downtown Santa Fe

This is getting depressing.

There is no longer (has there ever been?) a city in this country that is not made ugly by tourism. Here in Santa Fe, this ancient Indian village, the Indians wear native garb as they sit on the sidewalk of the Governor's Palace (the Conqueror's home) and sell beads to Boisiens.

The ancient church of the Famous Staircase has a 25-cent admission fee, a woman truns on a taperecorder that statics a tour, and the kodakateers are in the pulpit. These are the only Religious Services now held in this church.

Woolworth's five-and-dime (Ha!) is housed in an adobe building.

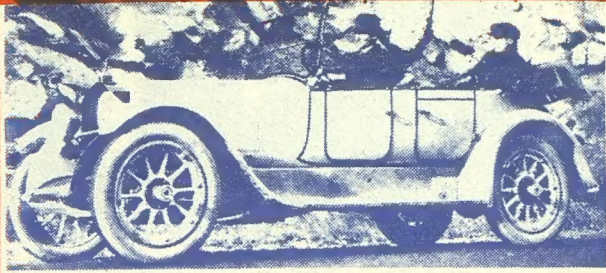
My sinuses are burning from the auto exhaust fumes.

Buying and selling; buying and selling. . . The Seed is sold in a bookstore on the square. What's happening in town I ask the bookstore girl. Mostly Indian things, she says.

The rich red of the sand and earth—the bright clear light and cool mountain air. . . . only these have no plaques to explain who stole what from whom.

Notes From An Underwater Journal- Part II

By Marshall Rosenthal



13 June

In the car last night I talked about the mutilation that is circumcision; the notion that circumcision as a health measure is no longer valid—we've got plenty of soap; the notion that it reduces pleasure by removing the moisture and sensitivity from the head of the penis, and suggesting that this anti-pleasure notion might have been part of the motivation for circumcision. This morning Jack told me that he dreamed about people coming at his penis with knives. . . .

Big Sur, 14 June

We rent a beautiful room in a hotel on a precipice overlooking the blue-grey Pacific. A thick but not unpleasant fog. Sitting in the midst of a cloud.

This band of frail campers opt for the warm room and bed rather than open night chill.

Feeling this discomfort once more when near the wealthy. Embarrassed to explain it to Ron—

Among the wealthy. . . . I feel like a greenhorn Jew just off the boat; tense, nervous and afraid I'll do or say the wrong thing. . .

I feel inferior. . .

(Do you mean 'superior,' Jack asks?)

I feel ashamed for being in these opulent surroundings, amongst vacationing richfolk I know better than to be a part of. . .

Yet, a part of me wants to be here. . .

So, says Ron, when you know better who you are you'll be more at ease. Or learn to stay away, I think to myself.

I think it's probably true that I still don't know who I am.

I think, too, that "probably" is a weak man's hedge.

Berkeley. . . A Visit with a Revolutionary

I'm to meet a Berkeley underground paper writer. Eagerly I await her arrival. She arrives. "You're on the Berkeley Trarb," I say in greeting. "I'm one of the owners," she says.

One down.

We talk about society's problems and she says the only way out of them is the Weatherman approach. Nevertheless, she says, "I'm going to New York in two weeks to work on a new film with a certain film company." "Why'd you choose that particular film company? "It'll be good for my credits."

Two down.

Back to the Weathermen—"I don't totally agree with them," she says, "but at least they're Doing Something instead of just rapping about it." Strike three.

That's a speech. It hits my psychedeliseses like Skid Row on mescaline. I must have heard that sentences a 1000 times in the past year, and it rings most hollow coming from this credits-seeking woman.

We go to the Albatross, a comfortable enough campus town bar as campus bars go. She has difficulty finding a table, "no one here worth sitting with," she whispers. Is that four? Finally, after circling the talbes twice, she finds one with two fellows. Friends. Okay people by her. And me too. One fellow enjoys hitchhiking. He packed a bag last weekend and thumbed to Portland "to walk around." Went fishing this weekend.

The other, a French-Canadian. Marvelous Belmondo gestures, talking about his poverty, tipping a dime a beer, and presenting an eye-rolling, quietly rollicking condemnation of the Credit Card System. When he's ready to go back home, he'll charge a lot of merchandise and a plane

ticket and "Rip zem off."

"I couldn't do that," says the self-identified Berkeley Trarb awner, "it takes years to build a good credit rating, and if you blow it and want to get back in later, you can't."

"That's that trouble with many of you so-called Revolutionaries," says the Frenchman, "you talk two things from the same mouth."

Right on, Frenchy.

Dare to Struggle, Dare to Win.

All Power to the Brothers&Sisters Who Love The People Because They've Learned To Love Themselves & Dare to Struggle Against the Real Enemies: Self-Hatred and Fear.

Honolulu Airport, 17 June

I've seen this airport movie before: sad old varicosed men and women wearing print blouses and leis, a childish desparate pre-death dance; burtlancaستر marines squinting into sun, airport photog and too young polynesian grass-skirted beauty hustling tourist for snapshot money; Korean stewardesses giggling into hands, yet mock worldly and cynical like American stew ; Oriental businessmen greeting each other in handshake with slight hint of bow remaining, Skokie fatchick waiting impatient for Honolulu Hilton shuttlebus. . . . still volcanic with mountains facing jetplane

ic mountains facing jetplane roar, planes filled six to the row with travelers going to meetings, military posts, Hustling spas. . . . The Jack Flash Freud Cold Leg Syndrome—"If we weren't so confused we wouldn't need planes to take us to these confusing places."

Punaluu, Oahu, 18 June

Drove with William along Oahu's shore. He explained how natives have been exploited by imperialists, churchmen, businessmen; desirable seaside of island is all white, life-long leases given, inland all native, 30-day leases.

"As a student of history," I was about to ask him, "gathering the data foibles and excesses, do you have any hope?"

But I didn't ask.

His wife Barbara sits in frontroom of seaside home, writing thanyous to 600 Hawaiians who responded to anti-war notice sho placed in newspaper. "Sometimes" she said, "I get the feeling I've done everything and now I'm repeating it."

We answer our own questions. Hope? Yes, I believe in hope. "One man, one hope." That's the newfound rule. Arise in the morning and make committment to life. Be kind. (Cliche? Sure. Don't be embarrassed to examine the cliché.)

Felt myself getting testy with Jack and Ron this morning. Seeing a man as human and naked tears away the adornments you've given or accepted from him. As they fall you see your weaknesses and are moved to anger and fear.

Breathe deeply and seek space until you can work them out: . . or in. As Barbara felt that I was seeking the same question she enunciated, she voiced it and answered it. For, as she spoke of boredom and futility, she continued to write thankyou.

19 June

This sensual moon, gentle giant clouds blowing to comfort its heat, doggy clouds chasing their tails, boy lips through moonlit sand, man&woman hold each other close. . . seated on bamboo mat, songs and chants flow to contrapuntal rhythm water stroking reef. . . "hello darkness, my old friend. . ."

Words fleeing, mind unconnecting. . . why isn't She here to comfort, to soothe, to calm me as the clouds calm this rising full? "lighten up, lighten up," I pass on Kesey's gentle advise though locked in my own tenseness, playing Solitaire, the Winner and Loser one. I'm jealous of the moon.

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